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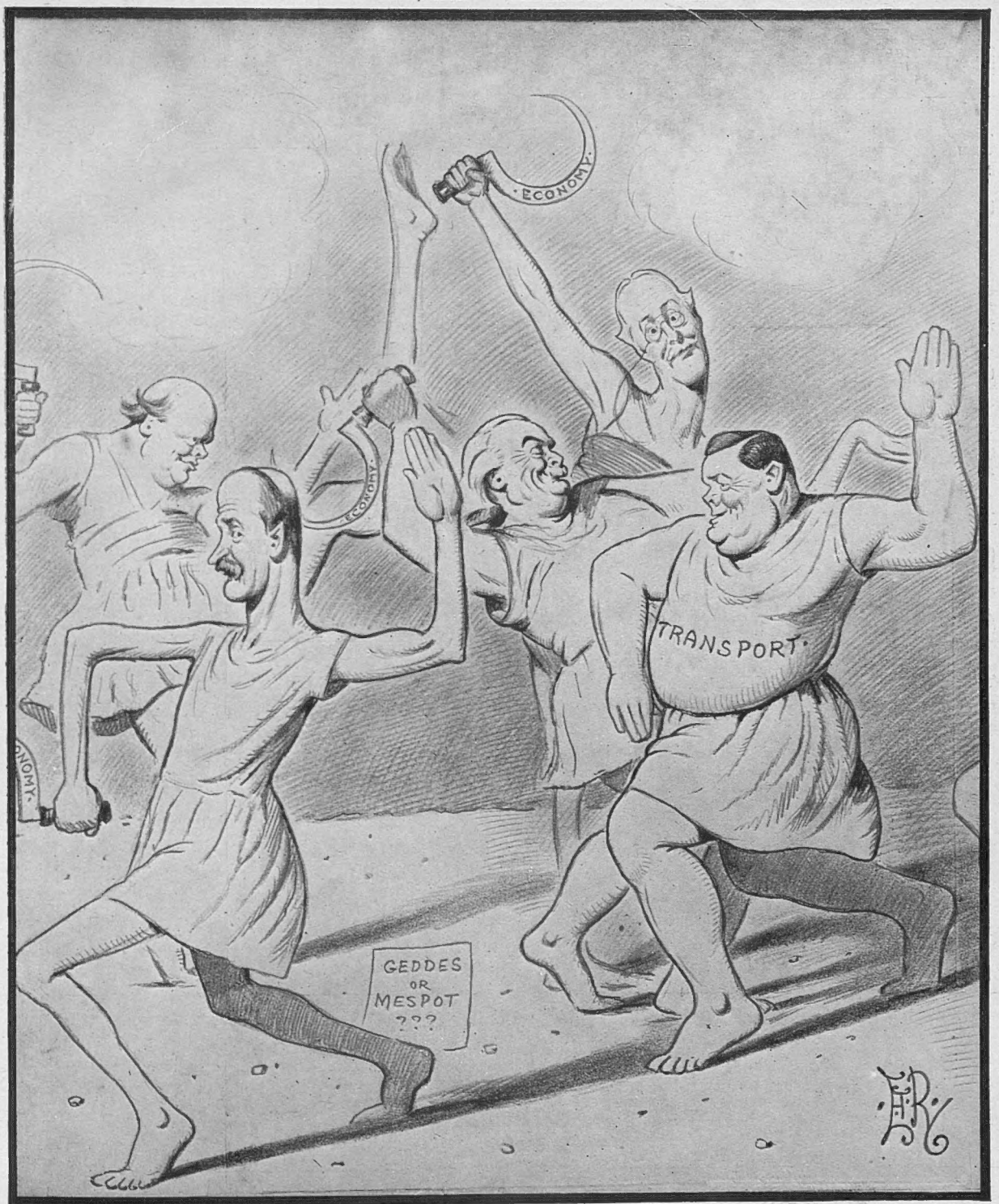
The BYSTANDER



BY E. T REED

THE DANCE OF THE SICKLE

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ERIC: "I believe they're all after *me*, really!"

(With apologies to Miss Margaret Morris)

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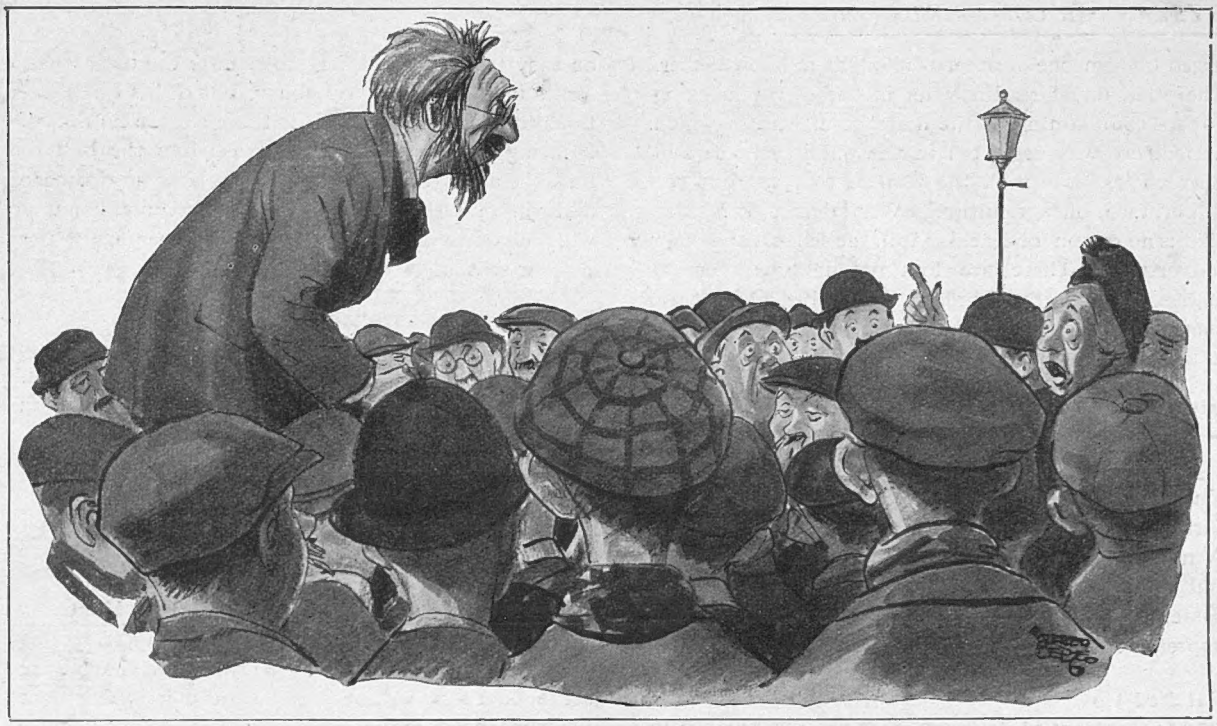


"THE ANSWER IS IN THE SPECULATIVE" By Alfred Leete

Red Flag Rupert: "Wot I say is 'The World for the Workers!'"

Female Voice: "If yer gives them the world wot are yer goin' to give to them that does the work?"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

When the Prince Returns

I hope that we are going to use a little imagination in our welcome to the Prince of Wales when he comes back next month. I don't say when he comes "home," for the great and wonderful thing is that, though he has travelled far and wide and for long, he has never left "home." He has shown himself full worthy of such a wonderful and world-wide home, and when he returns to that part of it in which is his personal and family home, we should be able to show our appreciation both of him and of the other parts of his home, which he represents to us just as much as he represented us to them. How are we going to do it? So far, I have read of nothing beyond the mayoral and municipal sort of things that we trot out for Shahs of Persia and other such distinguished visitors.

Why Not a Bank Holiday?

Now, this is not good enough for the Prince of Wales. We must have our dear old mayors, of course, and our soiled old flags of all nations, and there must be luncheons and speeches and baronetcies and all the rest of it. But how can we join in? We should all have a chance. Above all, every boy and girl should have a holiday. It should be the Prince of Wales's Day all over the kingdom. Why not a Bank Holiday? If those mysterious people, whom we speak of vaguely as "the authorities" will only arrange things so as to make it possible, we will show our Prince that we think just as much of him as do the folk in other parts of his home. At a time when everything seems so miserable and gloomy a real good "day off," in which all could join, would be a splendid tonic.

His Majesty's Garden

I see that at the King's suggestion a camp has been formed in the Royal Gardens at Windsor, where disabled soldiers will receive a course of training that will fit them for a future career. It is more than likely that this camp will be much better and more carefully arranged than His Majesty troubles about when his own needs only are concerned. It is generally known that a game of lawn tennis is one of his favourite forms of exercise when in residence at Buckingham Palace. Many people, I think, would be rather surprised if they saw his tennis court. It is on a slope that would horrify the ordinary country vicarage. It would give Wimbledon a fit. During the War, indeed, Buckingham Palace grounds were the most countrified spot in all London. Allotments in Kensington Gardens and Holland Park seemed strange. But at Buckingham Palace lawns and borders were unmown until they were cut for hay, and the Buckingham Palace haystack was only slightly more rural in appearance than the flower-beds of all shapes and sizes that were filled with carrots and onions and other Covent Garden stuff. Except for the sloping tennis lawn the whole place was "farm."

Scolding the Schools

Why do well-educated people so often talk arrant nonsense about education? Ex-head-masters who have retired or been made bishops are very fond of pointing out the shortcomings of the institutions which have enabled them to become famous. The poor old public school is always in trouble. Its entire reformation, especially when it has conspicuously justified itself, is always being

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

urged by someone or other who ought to know better. The other day I read a letter in one of the morning papers complaining of the disgraceful way in which agriculture was neglected in the public schools and universities. He took the trouble to point out the importance of agriculture. Who denies it? But that is no reason for teaching it in the schools and older universities. There are lots of highly important things, so important, indeed, that, like agriculture, they should *not* be taught at the public schools and at Oxford and Cambridge.

Why Over-Specialise?

THESE good people seem to think that a good farmer should know nothing but farming. England is too old and too small for that sort of farmer. The same thing applies to other callings. A man must, of course, specialise in his profession, but he needs to know something else. The German system of over-specialisation broke down at the supreme test. Why, then, should we take it up?

Patched Up

IT is sincerely to be hoped that the disturbance in the Whaddon Chase country, which created so much controversy last season, has been settled never to be revived. One could not expect that the decision of the Masters of Foxhounds Association would completely please all sections involved in the dispute, but Colonel Selby-Lowndes and Lord Dalmeny did their part in patching up the feud by loyally abiding by the ruling of the authorities. Lord Orkney has not an easy task in attempting to reunite the dissentient forces in the Vale of Aylesbury, but of his qualifications for the office of M.F.H. there can be no doubt. Hunting people generally will wish him the best of luck. One hopes, too, that the similarly unfortunate affair in an outlying part of the Essex Union country will be amicably settled before the opening of the regular season.

D.O.R.A. and Chocolates

THERE must be something more in chocolate than the ordinary man has hitherto guessed. When his beer and whisky were watered and he was allowed to get them only at certain restricted hours, he grumbled, but did no more. He obeyed and still obeys the law. Not so the chocolate-eaters. These have actually forced theatrical managers to fly in the face of D.O.R.A. and sell them chocolate after 8 p.m. At the time of writing nothing has happened. No one has been sent to gaol. Munching illegal chocolate, we read the other day, a young girl was able to sit through the most harrowing scene of *Tosca* without turning a hair. This fact has apparently influenced the authorities. I wonder what would happen if some mere male were served with a whisky and soda to pull him round after the torture scene. If girls may eat chocolate to help them through with *Tosca*, surely Mr. José Levy has good ground for supplying those of the Little Theatre audience who need it with something to steady their nerves. It is the men, he says, who are most upset by the horrors provided, and chocolate would be of little use to them. If the authorities were to be as complacent as they have been hitherto over the chocolate, I see a great future for dramatic horrors. But there are a lot of 'ifs" about this, I notice.

VERY UN-FARE! [By W. E. WIGFULL

Boy: "I've done the job orlright for you"

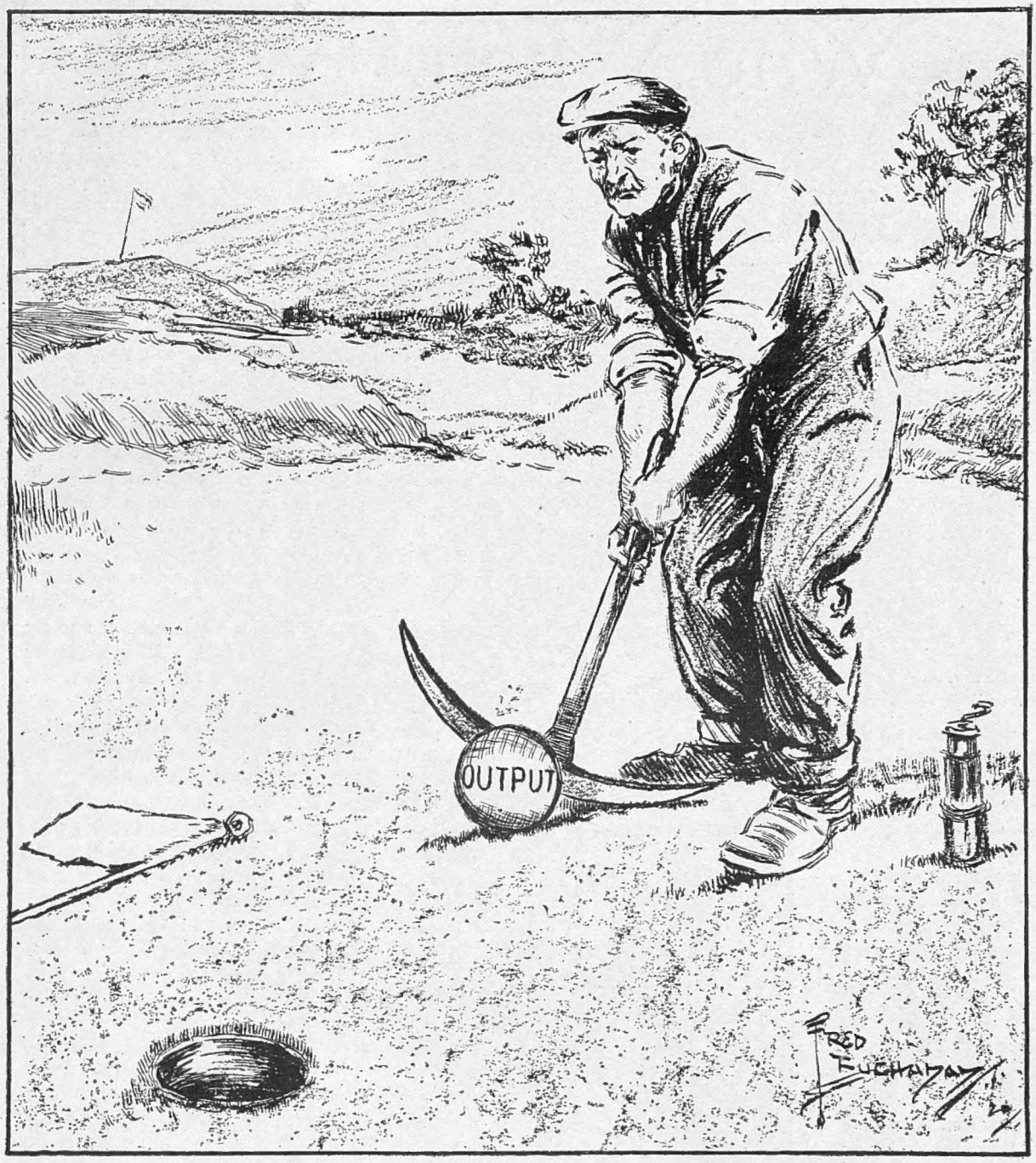
Boss: "Maybe you have, but you aren't big enough for the work now-a-days"

Pushful Pussyfoot

AT the Congregational Union Conference at Southampton the other day, they passed a resolution in favour of Christians "setting the example" of abstinence from intoxicating liquors as beverages. They seem to have forgotten that it is too late for Christians to do anything of the sort. Christians may, if they wish, follow the example of the Mohammedans in this abstinence, but they cannot set the example. Christianity and intoxicating liquors as beverages have been intimately connected from the very beginning of our era. It is never too late to change—but, after all, have the Mohammedans and teetotalism beaten us in any of the things that matter most?

Sorrowful Sundays

ACCORDING to "carefully collected statistics" it seems that boys are naughtier on Sunday than on any other day of the week. All sorts of reasons are suggested, such as bad housing, decline of religious influence, the absence of fathers at the War, and mothers at war-work; but the probability is that the real cause is something much simpler. Sunday is a whole holiday, and to a great extent



By Fred Buchanan

ON LABOUR'S LINKS

The Putt that would Beat the Strike Bogey

these boys have to waste it. The old English Sunday has been much mitigated for the more fortunate classes, but for these lads all games and recreations are organised solely for weekdays, and, of course, our old friend Satan finds, etc. The Boy Scout movement will probably bring Sunday into line with the righteous rest of the week before very long.

Life in Hand at a Guinea a Day

THERE are people and papers that hardly seemed to recognise fully the tragic condition of Ireland until some of the murderers began to suffer. Everyone must regret when the preservers of the peace themselves become violent. But there is a limit to what may fairly be expected of human fighting men. Such comment as this in an evening paper is worse than unfair: "The majority of them (the Black and Tans) are de-mobbed ex-officers. Moreover, they are not the pick of the ex-officers, but largely those who have failed to 'place' themselves to better advantage." Pick or not pick of the ex-officers they are men who are willing to take their lives in their hands for a guinea a day; whilst for "failing to place themselves to better advantage," it might more truthfully be written, 'whom we have failed to supply with the means of earning a livelihood in spite of our specific pledge to do so"; as for "to better advantage," I wonder how poor a job the gentleman who wrote that paragraph would take in preference to risking his life as a Black and Tan? A truce to bloodshed, by all means, but—*que messieurs les assassins commençent.*

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Is the Butler Doomed?

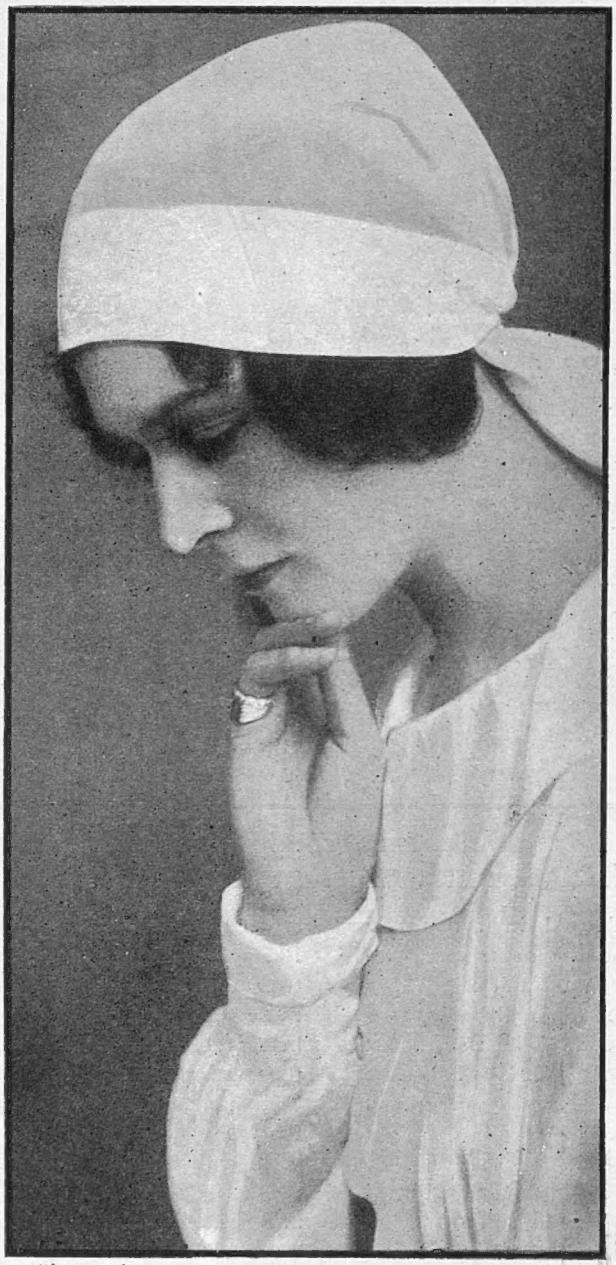
BUTLERS and Prime Ministers are not born ready-made. Both have to go through a chrysalis stage, the Prime Minister as a Member of Parliament and the butler as a footman, before they can blossom forth into their direction of the affairs of State and the service of the table. But although there is no fear of a lack of Prime Ministers — who can imagine any vacancy amongst our "representatives" in Parliament? —there is such a dearth of footmen that it looks as if there will be no butlers at all twenty years hence. You don't know even the beginnings of how to be a butler unless you have been a footman, and how are there going to be any butlers when there are no footmen to grow up into the higher grade.

Expensive Luxuries

TAKE any street or square you choose in Mayfair or Belgravia. In pre-War days the larger the house the more numerous the footmen. To-day in these same houses you will find only an elderly butler and one, or, perhaps, two, parlourmaids. People who would never have borne to be waited on at table by maids were driven to it perforce during the War. Now, the pressure of prices, taxes, and what not make footmen a luxury to be foregone.

A footman beside the chauffeur or coachman on car or carriage would attract as much notice and wonder to-day as blowing a whistle for a taxi. It is the same in the country, and if by any chance there is a footman he is generally of tender age, and "had in" from the village. Even the very rich do not show their splendour as formerly in rows of be-liveried *valetaille* gathered in attendance in marble halls. The cause is not that men are fighting shy of domestic service, but that employers have no longer the means to pay their wages and cost of living.

This enormous change in the domestic arrangements of what used to be called "people of means" is borne in upon one by the statement of a partner in a firm of tailors which makes a speciality in liveries. "For every score of liveries before the War, we're not making five now," he said. "If things go on as they are going now, in five years there won't be a first-footman or a groom of the chambers left in London." As I have said, where is the next generation of butlers to come from?



Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

Who last week entertained the Duke of York for three days' partridge shooting at Wilton House, Salisbury

Etiquette, the Diplomatist, and the Footman

SPEAKING of footmen, a young man in one of our Embassies recently received a severe—and embarrassing—lesson on Portuguese etiquette. In Paris he made the acquaintance of a Portuguese nobleman and his particularly charming wife. They lunched, dined together, made little excursions, and with the diplomatist's mother made a very pleasant and mutually interested *partie carrée*.

Some time later the young diplomatist was sent on a hurried mission to Lisbon. Almost the first

(*Continued on page 22*)

"Materially" Different!

BY WILMOT LUNT

HE: "I think modern dress reveals the vanity of the human heart"
SHE: "Oh! I never saw one so décolleté as that!"

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (continued)

people he met in the street were his Portuguese acquaintances of Paris. There were the usual bubblings of pleasure, and the " butter and eggs and a pound of cheese " expressions trotted out on such occasions by both sides. At parting the Portuguese nobleman made some civil remark about meeting again. " I'm only here for a few days," said the diplomatist, " mayn't I come and see you ? " Then, directly to the lady, " Mayn't I come to tea with you one afternoon before I go ? "

The husband drew himself up stiffly : the lady looked embarrassed. But the young diplomatist, perhaps being unobservant and anxious to see a Portuguese interior, rather pressed the matter, asking definitely if he might come on a certain afternoon. The gentleman made no answer, but the lady, rather hastily, fixed the hour.

On the day appointed the young diplomatist went to a great gloomy palace. He was shown into a vast room, barely furnished, one of a series divided one from the other by archways. In the very centre of the big room sat the Portuguese lady at a diminutive tea-table—an oasis on a Sahara of marble floor. They had tea and talk, but the whole time of the visit a footman stood under the archway leading to the next room !

The young diplomatist learnt afterwards that he had trampled with both feet upon Portuguese etiquette, which does not permit ladies to receive gentlemen alone, even at tea. The husband, unwilling to give offence, had permitted the visit, but saved the Portuguese convention by stationing the footman under the archway, as he himself wished to go and play bridge at his club !

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

LADY LOUGHBOROUGH

Who has just left for Australia, where she will spend the winter

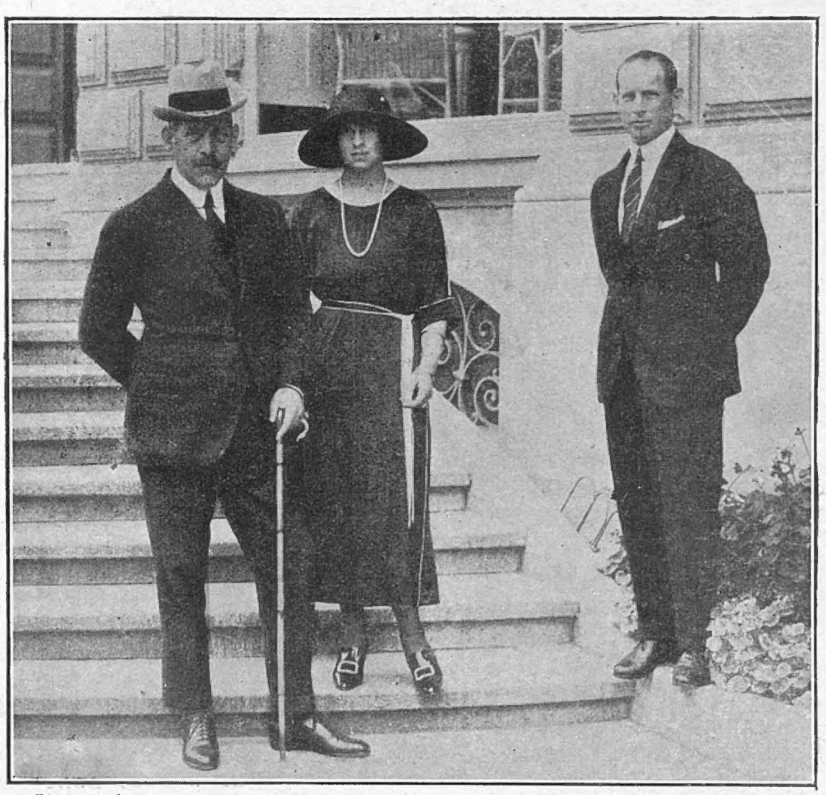
Newmarket

THE postponement of the coal strike came just in time for Newmarket, for although many people motored down there was a goodly contingent who went by train. If the strike had come off these folk would doubtless have stayed at home for fear they might have to camp out on the course or get a shake-down on the straw in some kindly stable. Most of the racing stalwarts were there. One cynical old gentleman remarked that he believed the coal strike had been postponed until after Newmarket because the colliers had so much on the Jockey Club Stakes.

Photograph *Bassano*

PRINCESS MARGARET OF DENMARK

Daughter of Prince Charles of Sweden and wife of Prince Axel of Denmark, who is coming with her father to visit Queen Alexandra



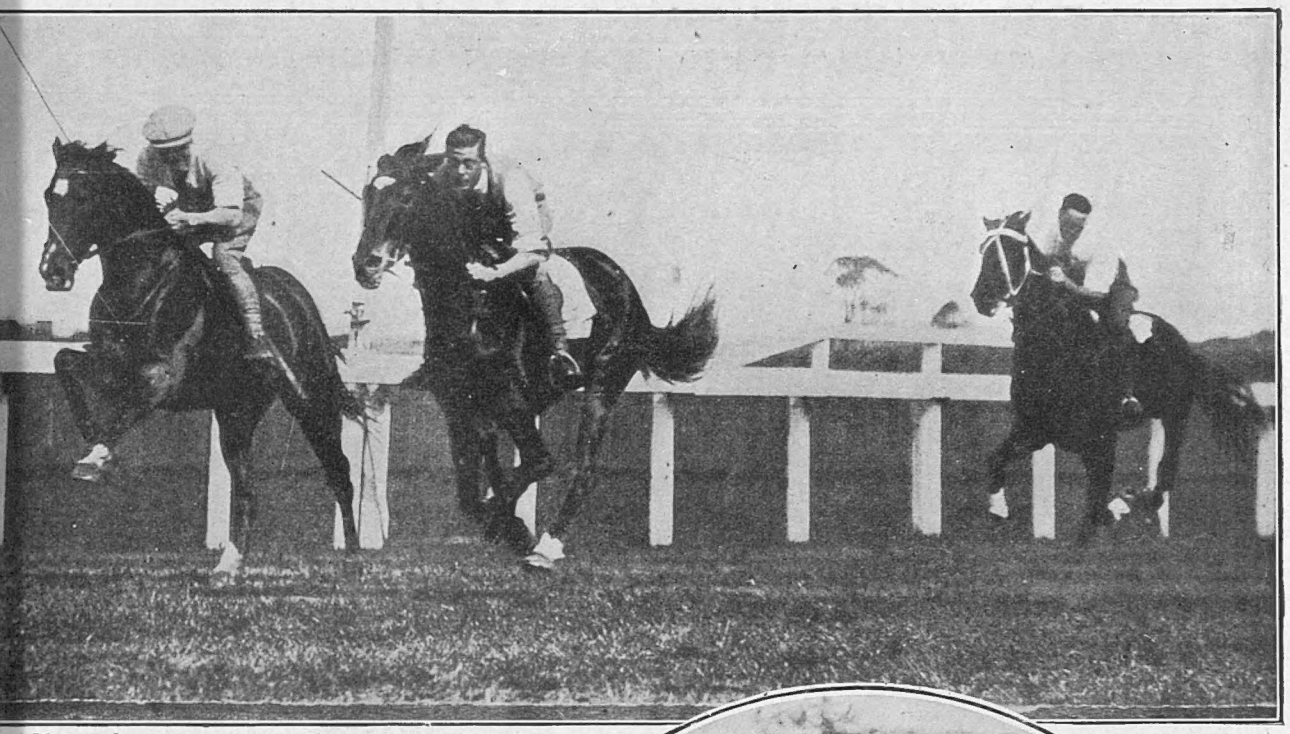
Photograph *Topical Press*

EX-KING CONSTANTINE WITH PRINCESS HELEN AND THE DUKE OF SPARTA

Tino is staying "just like any ordinary person" at the Grand National Hotel, Lucerne

Things That Happen

ONE of our builders of Empire, who is, incidentally, likewise passing rich, has a passion for collecting Jacobean furniture in his hours of leisure. Some little while ago he was offered a set of chairs by a dealer of the highest repute, for, let us say, £800.



Photograph *Sport and General*

THE PRINCE "UP"!

His Royal Highness racing on the Randwick Racecourse, Sydney. History does not relate whether he won this race, but he looks as if he is going to!

Relying on the word and the reputation of the dealer, the collector bought the chairs. But one day, showing his collection to an expert, he had an unpleasant surprise. The chairs were his particular pride, the dealer having assured him they had come direct from an historic house into his possession.

The expert declared them to be fakes of the cleverest kind. Then there were "wigs on the green" with a vengeance. The collector called in the dealer. It was dealer against expert, followed by more dealers against more experts. Both sides stuck to their guns, and, finally, the collector, on the evidence of the experts, decided to sue the dealer for the return of the purchase money.

The dealer expressed his willingness to fight the matter, but suggested, before they both embarked on the heavy expenses of the law, the chairs should be offered for sale at a well-known auction-room. This would be a test of their genuineness. If they sold for a lower sum than £800 he would pay the collector the difference.

It seemed a sporting offer, and was accepted. The sale duly took place, and the chairs were knocked down to an unknown bidder for £850. The collector was then convinced the experts had made a mistake, and wished to keep the chairs. But the unknown bidder refused to part with his purchase, and the dealer had some winged words to say about the questioning of his honesty.

Unfortunately, it leaked out, as these things do, that the unknown bidder was a dummy of the dealer who had himself bought the chairs. The price paid was small in comparison with the loss of a reputation in the law courts.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

THE HON. MRS. PRITTIE WITH HER TWO SONS

An excellent snapshot taken at Kilboy, Co. Tipperary. Mrs. Prittie is the wife of Major the Hon. (Henry) Cornelius Prittie, Lord Dunalley's elder son and heir. She is a daughter of Mr. James Noble Graham, D.L., of Carfin, Lanarkshire. Major Prittie served with distinction in the European war. Lord Dunalley is an Irish Representative Peer, and His Majesty's Lieutenant for County Tipperary

An Irish Bishop's Daughter

WHO (ÇA VA SANS DIRE!) IS A KEEN HUNTSWOMAN

Photograph] MISS GRACE D'ARCY [*E. O. Hoppé*

A charming portrait of the daughter of the Bishop of Down. She hunts with the County Down Staghounds

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

THE BYSTANDER BUTTERFLY

ILLUSTRATED BY

HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *October* 4

DEAR COUSIN—

LET us now for a little while discourse of love, as one of those delightfully leisurely mediæval philosopher men might put it. A very pleasantly warming and heartening subject, for one thing, these half-and-half autumn days, when summer and winter so often walk hand in hand.

卐 卐

WHEN in the morning, perchance, we fare forth shivering, wrapped to the eyes against a chilly, clinging, all-pervading mist. And by midday are baked to a turn, and flit fleetly and gaspingly into our filmiest chiffons. And a few hours later sink thankfully once more into the rich envelopment of furs, whence to survey safely and secured against all risks (if not otherwise engaged) the beauties of a transcendentally lovely midsummery night—that may, at any moment, do a quick change into quite a capital imitation of mid-winter.

卐 卐

GIVES a lovely variety and uncertainty to life, anyway, doesn't it, this sort of lucky-bag mix-up of the seasons, so to speak? Not that, of course, there's often really *too* much monotony about our dear old British climate, what? But they do tell me it's not *altogether* a bad idea, even 'mid champagne sunshine days and sparkling moonlight nights, just to hie you along to any of the germ experts, from the Royal one, Dr. Spitta, downwards, and—well, sounds prosaic, but there it is . . . . have yourself prudently and farseeingly inoculated against the wintry future's otherwise inevitable cold.

卐 卐

QUITE a fairly amusing business, you know, and all the best people are doing it (including Helen and your Blanchette). The "blood test," f'rinstance, sounds really more serious than perhaps it is. He takes your hand (the doctor, I mean). And just as you're expecting, I mean hoping, I mean fearing, something may happen, suddenly there's a minute but piercing shock, and a droplet of blood on your finger just being squeezed out, and—"thank you, that's all, and come at 12.30 on Thursday for your injection."

"When in the morning we fare forth shivering"

BUT about love, on which I don't think we've really yet *quite* adequately discoursed. A topic, of course, of all moments, but, seems p'raps, extra specially of this one, partly 'cos of that so intriguing new Arnold Bennett book that he calls "Our Women," and that everyone's talking about who

"Inoculated against the wintry future's otherwise inevitable cold"

does talk about books and ideas just for a change now and then instead of just *things*.

卐 卐

QUITE intriguing, though, even to the casualest amongst us, is the Bennettian philosophy of love and marriage. The modern girl marries, he says . . . why? Why should, as he remarks, the "economically independent" girl marry at all? It's because she still has a lot to gain by marriage.

卐 卐

SHE is not creative (says he), she is not fully capable of self-defence, she does not shine in initiative. She is less complete in herself than a bachelor in himself. She does not love work for work's sake. She would like a change; she has dreams, hopes. She is afraid of the reproach, half-pitying, half-disdainful, which Society still puts on the maid who passes a certain age without capturing a man. She longs for the unique feminine dignity of

wifehood and motherhood and home mistressship; she is not averse from ruling a man and a family.

卐 卐

YET . . . none of these considerations is the chief consideration in consenting or plotting to marry—though every one of them pushes the girl on.

"Some of us are still away in lovely Venice and places"

The chief consideration is that she naturally, profoundly, and rightly . . . wants man.

卐 卐

WHICH is a nice, frank, and simple way of putting it, anyway, isn't it? Sums us up, dresses us down, and ticks us off fair and square, and no mistake about it, he does, what? And, after all, what his explanation comes to is just the best, the oldest, and biggest reason of all for anything—love.

And in this little glow of mortal life—
Faint as one candle in a large cold room—
We know the clearest light is shed by love,
That when we kiss with life-blood on our lips,
Then we are nearest to the dreamed-of gods. . . .

as one of the very newest of our poets sings.

"We're such a strong and silent people, aren't we?"

卐 卐

"INTELLECTUALLY and creatively," as Mr. Bennett puts it, man may be the superior of woman. But there is one subject, anyway, on which I believe it's generally agreed she can give him points every time, and as that's the one most important subject in the world. . . . Well, she can just carry on, I suppose, more or less slavishly content with her lot, even if "no woman has achieved either painting or sculpture or music that is better than second-rate."

TALKING of music, latest sad news is that this autumn there's to be no Beecham opera, which is generally the sort of signal, or rallying-point, for the start of the season. Seems Sir "Tommy" simply can't afford it any more, spite of the fact that he's got a comfortable little income of £100,000 a year to look forward to when things get straightened out a bit.

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BUT having already spent over three hundred thou. or so on opera in London, not altogether surprising, perhaps, that he's decided that, after all, it's rather an expensive hobby. Though, apparently, what's most cut him to the heart is the idea that London hasn't properly appreciated him or his work. Never signified so in the usual manner, anyway, whereas in Rome and other places he's been made a reg'lar lion of. But, then, we're such a strong and silent people, aren't we? No bursts of popular enthusiasm ever, or anything like that, except, of course, over the really big things like (1) American movie artists, (2) airmen who fail to fly the Atlantic

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THOUGH I expect next week, when the Prince comes back, it's just possible that even the strange and capricious heart of the London crowd will be moved to something rather extra in the way of a welcome to the returned traveller. In one of the latest of whose travels, by the way, just heard of a parson out there who searched diligently for something special and suitable in honour of the Royal visit, and ended by putting up a prayer (as formerly used) for "the Prince and Princess of Wales."

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DEEP and blushing apologies afterwards from parson, covered with confusion at his frightful and embarrassing error. "Not at all," said the Prince, "it doesn't matter a bit. After all, there's got to be a Princess some-time—and you may just as well start praying for her right away!"

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THEY'RE still deer-stalking, etcet., up north, and some of us are still away in lovely Venice and places, but, all the same, the turn o' the year has come, alas! and all but gone, and we're rather beginning to gather round the inglenook here in London now—though an extra month's summertime *does* give one a sort of carrying-on feeling, so to speak.

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AND there's another record list for the Divorce Judges, and brave theatre managers are boldly selling chocolates after eight, and Poiret's coming over here, and . . . oh! plenty doing in the way of excitements here in London now—even without watching the prices go up, and up, and up. . . . But *that's* become almost just a habit.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

A New—and Titled—Recruit for the Cinema

Photograph *Photo Press*

LADY EDEN OF WINDLESTONE

Who, it is announced, intends to become a film actress. Lady Eden, who is the widow of the late Sir William Eden, Bart., was the subject of a picture by Herkomer and is a very beautiful woman She is here seen with her dogs in the garden at Windlestone

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK

AT THE PAVILION

By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by* MACMICHAEL

LAURA DE SANTELMO

MR. CHAS. B. COCHRAN is by way of being our most popular manager at the present time, especially as experience proves that whenever he produces an entertainment we have to thank him for a very pleasant evening. *London, Paris and New York*, like the revues that have preceded it at the Pavilion, is a tasteful mixture of frolic and charm, and I presume that in the present case Mr. Cochran accepts full responsibility for giving New York the third place on the list. Can you beat it? The Revue opens on a lively railway terminus, with the usual army of porters with trolleys trying to annihilate their fellow creatures. Among the distinguished arrivals is Miss Georgia O'Ramey, and when it is known that she is a foreigner, the usual man from Cooks' is on the spot at once with a choice assortment of languages ranging apparently from French to Choctaw. It is then discovered that the lady is American and therefore presumably sufficiently well-acquainted with the English language to be able to find her way about. I should smile! The part of the interpreter is taken by our old friend, Mr. Arthur Roberts, who seems to have lost none of his playful mannerisms, and his jerky alertness of days gone by.

MISS GEORGIA O'RAMEY is a very successful importation from the States, and her popularity seems to be assured. She is typically energetic and determined, and once when her gentleman friend refused to let her have her own way in some trifling matter, she turned on him and tried to bite a piece out of him. This should be a useful tip for ladies requiring that new autumn hat after they have tried every other form of

NELSON KEYS AS BRIGANDO

persuasion from wrath to tears. Later in the scene Georgia joins a couple of the men in a trio which winds up with a brisk dance. A good deal of the fun arises from the misguided resolve of her partners to crowd the lady out of her share in the dance, and her unceremonious way of butting in between them with the pathetic explanation that her place is in the middle, is distinctly comic. The men really do not treat her with the consideration that is due to a lady, and in the course of the various scrimmages designed to exclude her from the proceedings, Georgia's back hair comes down, and she is finally carried off the scene by a great show of force. It is an excellent opening to a long programme of good fun.

THEN there is Mr. Nelson Keys, who appears in this production as a character actor of distinction. We see him first as "Hermann," a perfect representation of the German as the caricaturist usually draws him, and his guttural eloquence is an abiding joy. The burden of his story deals with the ease with which Germans who are none too well disposed towards us, are allowed to return to the shelter of "der goot olde Union Shack!" The performance of Mr. Keys is a fine piece of artistry that reflects the highest credit both on himself and the production generally. The next scene is called "The Infernal Triangle" and deals with three phases of the usual little trouble. In each of them Mr. Keys represents the ruthless lover engaged in the business of breaking up a happy home. We have first the London version, in which he gives us a laughable caricature of a handsome and distinguished actor who is understood to be greatly admired by the ladies: and then we go to New York, for it seems that connubial differences occur even there. Exceptionally, no doubt. Perhaps the best scene of the three is the Parisian variety, in which Mr. Keys storms about the stage with the passionate energy of the amorous Gaul, muttering all the while a string of incoherent remarks that sound very French indeed. The end of this scene is

NELLIE TAYLOR AND NELSON KEYS

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

typically Parisian, and it points the moral (metaphorically speaking, of course) that if the lady of your dreams should be deaf to your appeals you can easily transfer your attentions to her maid (again speaking in metaphor, as it were).

SHORTLY after this scene Mr. Hugh Wakefield comes before the curtain to address the house. Mr. Wakefield has a very pleasing manner, and though he has nothing to say that matters even a little bit, he contrives to hold the close attention of the house for some minutes. His nominal excuse for addressing us is that at the last moment a Spanish scene has been spatch-cocked into the revue, and as Spain is not a suburb of London or Paris, or even of New York, the management feel that some sort of apology ought to be offered for introducing the scene to our notice. As it happens the alleged importation is one of the most delightful features of the show There is a Spanish plaza of an old-world kind nestling picturesquely in a riot of gaudy colour, and there is the famous dancer, Laura de Santelmo, who clicks castanets rhythmically and dances gracefully with her back. As soon as the serious side of the dancing is over, Georgia O'Ramey breaks into the scene with a wild rush, and her exaggerated waggling is a perfect scream. The whole scene is replete with humour and beauty; and certainly no apology was necessary for it. Don't mention it!

THE second act opens with an interesting scene showing Brighton of long ago, in the days of Beau Brummell and his "fat friend" the then Prince of Wales. An amusing feature of the scene is the playful confirmation of the reputed tendency of history to repeat itself. Allusions to the political troubles of the time are as good as topical to-day, and every now and then a more than usually obvious parallel sets the house in a joyful roar. Even in the old days England seems to have had her fair share of disgruntled citizens, but she has managed to muddle through all right, and, Gentlemen, so long as the old flag is kept flying—but you will get it all in its right order at election time. In this scene Mr. Nelson Keys is an ideal Brummell: while in the following scene, giving us Brighton of to-day,

he represents two totally different characters one after the other with a Fregoli-like rapidity of change. Three old gentlemen, represented by Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. Alfred Mansfield, and Mr. Keys, are wheeled along the front in their bath-chairs by three dinky little nurses. The old boys appear to be in the later stages of senile decay, but after they have swapped a few stories of the good old days, it occurs to them to explain musically that they are not so old as they look in proof of which they crawl out of their chairs and give their little nurseys a ride instead.

THERE are many other features in this attractive revue, among others being the dancing of the charming little lady who calls herself "June," and a speciality dance by Maurice and Leonora Hughes. The music by Mr. Herman Darewski will doubtless go far to ensure the popularity of the revue, and two of the songs at least will very soon be heard everywhere. JINGLE.

Re-dressed for the "Umpteenth" Time

"CHU CHIN CHOW," AFTER NEARLY FIVE YEARS, GOES MERRILY ON

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

A CHARMING DRESS WORN BY A CHARMING DAMSEL

One of the striking new costumes, of which there are many, in "Chu Chin Chow" which, in its fifth year, is still being played to crowded houses at His Majesty's Theatre

The Manvers' System

BY P. BEAUFOY

At the end of the dinner I looked in my pocket and made a rapid calculation.

"After paying the bill," I said to my companion (who subscribes to a new religion which prohibits the carrying of money), "I shall have remaining the sum of one shilling and sixpence. How are we to do a theatre?"

"I think," said Manvers, "it can be arranged. I have invented what I call 'The Manvers' Free Seat System,' whereby I can occasionally obtain a couple of stalls or even a box."

Manvers then finished his liqueur and hinted that one shilling and sixpence seemed a foolish sort of sum to linger in a pocket. I accepted the hint, and ordered him another Chartreuse.

"Which theatre would you like?" asked my friend.

I proposed a musical comedy.

"I'm afraid that would hardly do," he replied solemnly. "It is an essential condition of the Manvers' System that the play should be one in which people have characters of some kind. You understand?"

I didn't, but in order to humour him, I said that everything was clear.

"In that case," he replied, "we will try the system at the Pandora."

When we arrived, Manvers did not approach the box-office. He beckoned a liveried person and told him aggressively that he must see the Business Manager immediately in his private office.

"What name, sir?" asked the man, obviously impressed.

"Lavvington," replied Manvers, glibly and falsely.

The fellow departed.

"Your name is Manvers," I hissed.

"You are a positive storehouse of information. Wait and behold!"

A few minutes later, we stood in the Managerial office.

"I am sorry to trouble you at a time like this, sir," foamed my friend, "but my attention has only just been called to the matter. . . . In this play of yours, there is a most pernicious character called Lavvington."

"There is such a character," replied the M.P., "but he is not pernicious."

"Perhaps I am misinformed, but I am told that all sorts of unpleasant things are attributed to him. Now, sir, my name happens to be Gerald Lavvington. It is spelt with a "G" instead of a "J," but the difference is immaterial."

The Managerial person looked a little startled. Sub-conscious visions of libel-actions probably floated somewhere in his brain. He stroked his exceedingly diamondy diamond stud, and said, soothingly——

"Obviously, sir, you have not seen our play, or you wouldn't make such absurd statements."

"My solicitor will see the piece," replied Manvers, firmly, "I leave everything to him."

The M.P. reflected.

"Look here," he said, "It's all a mistake. Somebody has been pulling your leg. Go in and see the show, and if you find the slightest unpleasant reference to the gentleman who has the honour of bearing the same name as yourself, I'll see that the author changes it at once and apologises."

Manvers did not reply. He waited. Then, the Managerial one scribbled on a card——

"Take that to the box office," he said, smilingly.

. . . . . .

Two minutes afterwards, we were seated in the most comfortable stalls in the house.

"Well," cooed the Managerial person, at the end of the performance, "I hope you are satisfied?"

Manvers lifted his hat—

"Quite satisfied, thank you," he replied.

THE BUSINESS INSTINCT By RIDGEWELL

ENTERPRISING LONDONER: "I want to take my wife and family to the North of England. Now have your people anything doing in second-hand trains?"

The Fun of the Film

BY C. E. B. BERNARD

FILM PRODUCER *(to hero, who has crashed through the bridge during a "thrill")*: "I say, old chap, you'll have to do that again. The villain forgot to laugh!"

"Madame La Présidente"

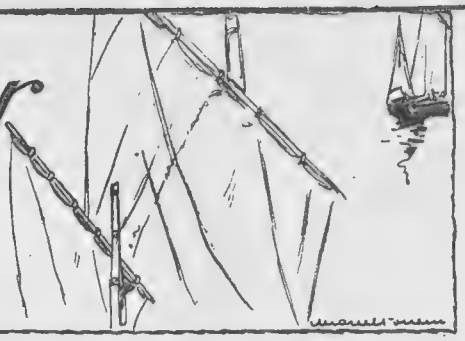
Photograph Henri Manuel

MME. MILLERAND

Wife of the new President of the French Republic who now succeeds Madame Deschanel as "Madame la Présidente"

The Bystander in Paris

"Making love to the fishing girls"



ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

THE GREAT RAT HUNT

MES AMIS—

EVERYONE returns. The *crémerie* and the flower shop in my street are open again, and one has taken down the signs *fermeture annuelle pour les vacances*. They are interesting these signs, because they are so frequent. In the days before the war when there was no *vie chère* it has been only the rich people who could afford to make a holiday by the sea. The *crémier* and the *quincaillier* with their wives stayed in Paris, except that on Sunday they have made their excursions to the woods of Meudon and Fontainebleau, where they have pretended to be again young. But now, when everyone complains how the life is terribly dear, *voilà!* off they go these good milkmen and tinsmiths to amuse themselves.

IN the Quartier and in Montmartre they begin, too, to return, and to tell of the adventures they have had making love to the fishing girls of Brittany, or the fat farmer's daughters of Normandy, in the evenings after they have spent the day to paint the fishing boats and the fat cows. There are some, of course, who make bigger boasts of the *femmes du monde* with whom they have made the flirt to relieve the *ennui*, but up in the Quartier we don't listen much to these who have more likely spent their time helping their imaginations with the stories of Gyp and Guy de Maupassant.

MONTMARTRE is of all best in its plate. Because the English exchange has been again so good, and I have had some pounds, Gi-Gi and I have made there one evening what you call a bean-feast. It is only when one touches the pound and the dollar that one can afford to do that, and that was, of course, why at Pigalle's the table next to ours has been of Scottish peoples, and at the others there have been Norwegians and Greeks and everything, with only a very few Frenchmen.

BUT it has been at Pigalle's all the same a very Parisian *fête* that evening, and by the time that everyone has drunk a second bottle of champagne at sixty francs each, I have found how Gi-Gi was trying to stuff the little coloured balls they give down the neck of a fat Swede and everyone was dancing with the girl of everyone else.

IN the serious Montmartre—the free commune of which M. Jules Depaquit is the so illustrious Mayor—the life too begins again. Because everyone in Paris has begun the hunting of the rat a week before, they have begun in

"Down the neck of a fat Swede"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"The policeman has said that it was after five"

Montmartre a week later. To make the opening they have had a great ceremony with much good wine at the Lapin Agile, and M. Depaquit has made the vow that he will demand from the new President of the neighbouring Republic of France that he will admit the freedom and independence of Montmartre, and if it is refused he will make the thirst strike.

At the dinner with which we have celebrated, everything we have eaten has been rat, at least on the menu, but it has tasted all the same very like *croûte au pot* and mutton. And it has not been till we have gone home that we have remembered that we have made the opening of the hunt without to hunt any rats. With our forgetting we have, however, avoided to have the terrible experience of my friend, Henri, who has caught a rat.

Henri is not very clever. He has, for instance, the habit to become very dreamy and to walk out into the street without putting on his hat and his boots. So for him it has been a misfortune when he has caught a rat. He has thought at once, "I shall go and touch the reward of five sous which they offer." To do that he has taken the omnibus, and because all the places in the second class were occupied he has had to buy a ticket of first-class for seven sous. When he has sat down he has laid his rat beside him in a newspaper, and has wondered why everyone has laughed or frowned at him till he has found how the tail of the rat was protruding itself.

After that he has tried to leave the bus, but as he got out everyone has cried how the monsieur had forgotten his parcel. The conductor even has jumped off the bus to give him his rat, and he has had to tip him with a franc. Then he walked to the place where they give the rewards, but when he has arrived there has been no one there. At last he has asked a policeman what he should do, and the policeman has said that because it was after five o'clock they didn't pay any more rewards. Henri has thought that he must come next day, but the policeman has reminded him how the next day was Sunday, and the bureau would be closed.

Henri was at that altogether in despair because he has not the idea of any other man to throw the rat down the drain. He has wished very much to disembarrass himself of it, because he had promised to pay a visit to the family of the *jeune fille* to whom his mother wishes him to be *fiancé*, but he has not at all known what to do. So in the end he has taken a cab and taken the rat with him.

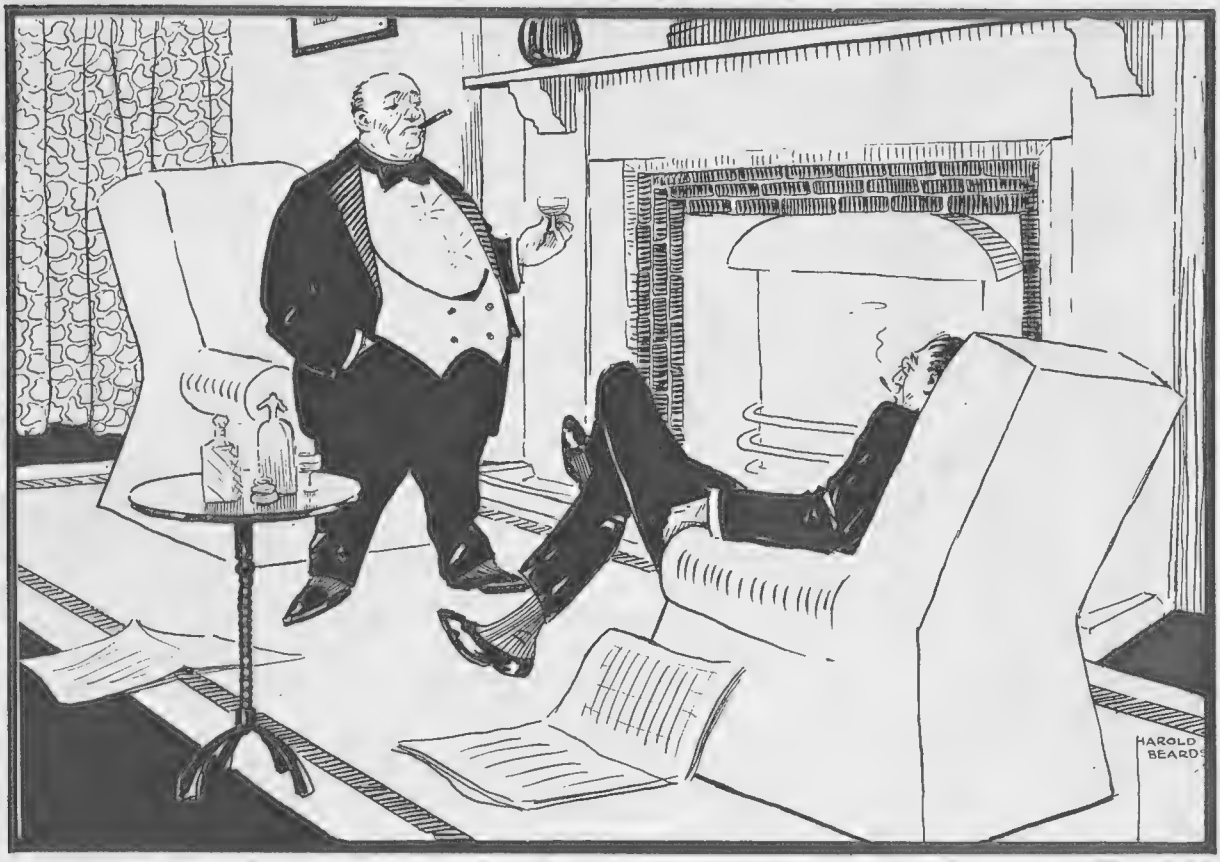
At the house of the *jeune fille* he has quite forgotten his parcel, and has laid it on the table of the *salon*. Everyone thought how it must contain bon-bons, but they have been too polite to enquire. After he has gone away and left it the mother of the *jeune fille* has opened to see. Since then Henri has been very busy to write to say how terribly it was a mistake, because the *jeune fille* has a *dot* of a million. But it is not easily that one wins the consent of a French woman to one's marriage with her daughter who has a *dot* of a million after that one has left a dead rat on the table of the *salon*.

"The mother of the *jeune fille* has opened to see"

Now the parents of Henri are wondering if he has the same malady as our poor President Deschanel, and will one day fall out of a train or walk into a canal just because he forgets that it isn't the right thing that one should do.

PHILIPPE

"Smile, Please!"

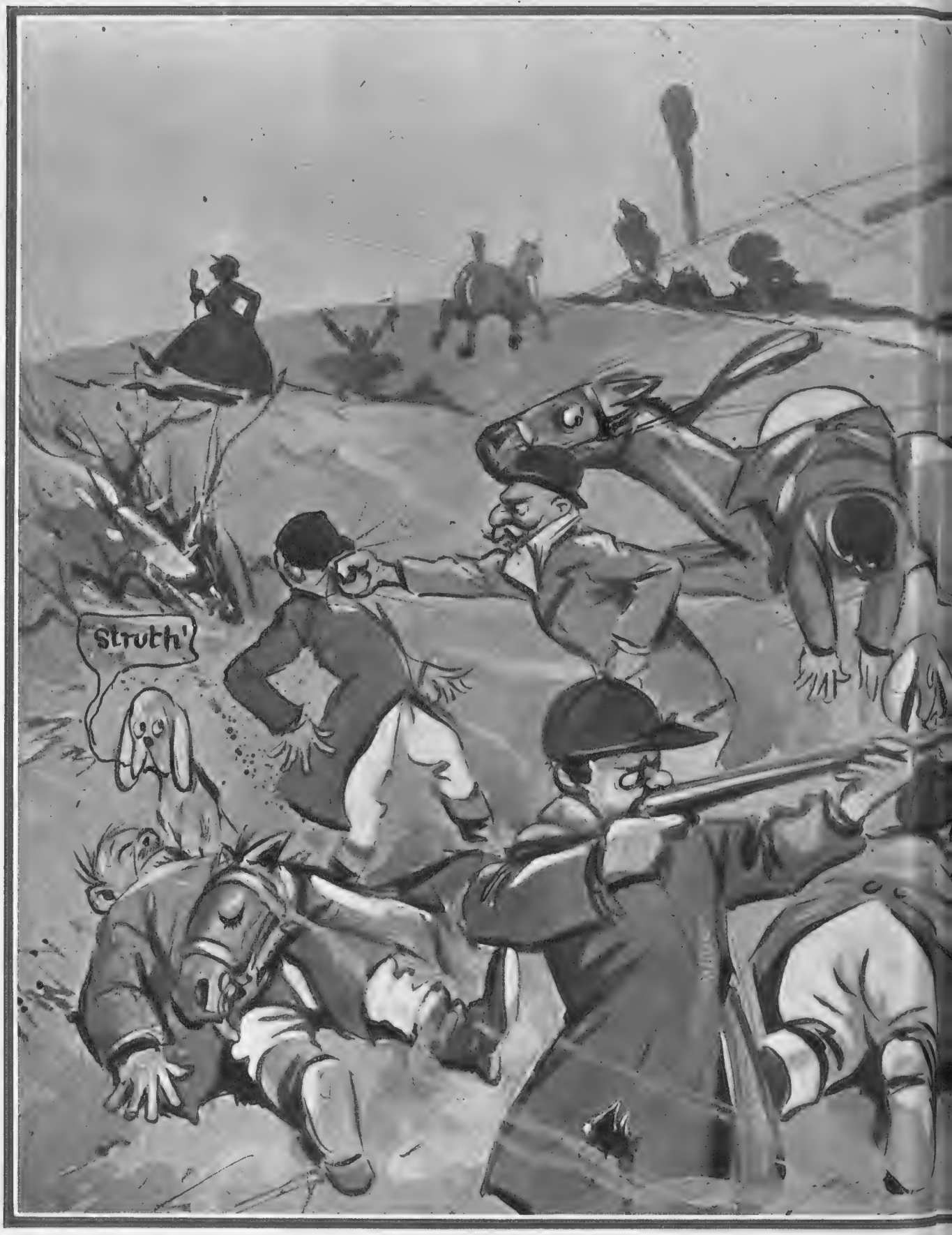


"A TRAVELLER'S TALE!" By Harold Beards

Fuddle (*on holiday*): "I have some whisky that's been in my cellar fifteen years"
Hotel Acquaintance: "What, have you been away as long as that?"

THE BRUTE! By Ellis Silas

Visitor: "Why, everyone goes crazy about her playing!"
Perfect Gentleman: "So do I, but I sincerely trust that I'm discreet enough to hide the fact"



A DAY WITH H

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

HE NORTH CORK

"The Man Who Couldn't Die"

SCENES FROM "THE WANDERING JEW" AT THE NEW THEATRE

MR. MATHESON LANG AND MISS LILLAH McCARTHY

As "Le Sire Inconnu" the Wandering Jew meets Jeanne de Beaudricourt after a tourney, in which he beats the great du Guesclin, outside the Walls of Antioch in the days of the first crusade

Photographs *G.P.U.*

MR. MATHESON LANG AND MISS DOROTHY HOLMES-GORE

In the touching scene at the end of the play when Olalla Quintana, before the Spanish Inquisition, is forced unwillingly to betray the Wandering Jew, by that time Dr. Matteos Bottadios, her protector

DRESSING ROOM DIALOGUES..

BY A.E. JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HIGGINS

No. IV.—MISS EDNA BEST

MISS EDNA BEST

The subject of this sketch and this week's Dressing Room Dialogue has just become engaged to be married to Mr. Seymour Beard. She is at present playing in "Brown Sugar" at the Duke of York's Theatre

"I THINK you said seven o'clock, Miss Best. I do hope I'm not——"

"Oh, that's quite all right—don't mention it! You're only three minutes early, anyway."

"To be perfectly candid I did it on purpose. I thought I couldn't do better than follow your own example and arrive before my time!"

"Well, if that's a compliment ——"

"It isn't. In the circumstances it is obviously an impertinence, and I plead guilty to malice prepense. I had an idea the phrase might sound familiar to you."

"I certainly seem to have heard it before!"

"*Ad nauseam*, I should think. But you ought to make some allowances for the critics, don't you think? You are so disconcertingly sudden. They have hardly had time to say 'Miss Edna Best made a promising *début*' and 'More will be heard of Miss Best later on,' when here you are playing lead, with a whole play revolving round your personality! You mustn't be surprised if to some folk such haste seems inconsiderate—in fact, hardly decent!"

"As a matter of fact I've been quite as much surprised as they—or nearly so, for, of course, one always has one's private ambitions and a certain belief in oneself. And don't think I take the friendly warnings of the critics amiss. I'm not necessarily as young as all that!"

"You don't mind powder in the jam, then?"

"Of course not. When people say nice things about you, they don't make them the less nice by reminding you that it is in your power to earn still nicer. I should like, I admit, to be credited with a little more experience than I am usually assumed to possess. Four years is not much, I know, but it does count for something when it's been full of hard work."

"I suppose your first real chance came in *Uncle Ned* with Mr. Ainley?"

"Yes, I had a very jolly part in that play, with some ripping lines. But I had 'created' a part before that—in *Mumsee*, where I played a flapper part also."

"And prior to that?"

"Oh, I did a lot of under-studying, of course, and followed other people in parts already created—Miss Fay Compton, for instance, in *Cæsar's Wife* and *Fair and Warmer*. For two and a half years I was with Miss Kate Rorke, and got my real grounding with her, playing in Shakespeare repertory and all sorts."

"And how do you like your present part,—is it long enough?"

"*Quite* long enough! On matinée days, after two shows, I feel like a rag. I can't believe there is anything more exhausting than sustained vivacity!"

"You find you literally play yourself out?"

"Yes, I do. My first big part has made me realise what a strain upon the nerves a really long and sustained effort on the stage can be. Of course, I knew that to be true beforehand, but this is my first actual experience of it."

"You are certainly a very important factor in the play—what an eminent political journalist would call 'the lynch-pin'."

"That's true. But please don't credit me with any sort of idea that I am the only one. I don't know where I should be without all the support I get. Mr. Eric Lewis as the Earl of Knightsbridge, for instance—some of my best scenes are with him, and you can have no idea what a tower of strength his experience has been—especially when we were building those scenes up, so to speak. There are points at which, by sheer force

"DRESSING ROOM DIALOGUES" (*concluded*)

of personality and skill, he holds the whole play up, like the scaffolding round a building."

"And what is your opinion of your part? Do you think Stella Deering is true to life?"

"But that's a question for the critics, surely! What's your own view?"

"My circle of acquaintance amongst the chorus is, unfortunately, so small that I do not feel qualified to express one. At a guess I should say that Stella is either much too refined or not nearly refined enough."

"That's a polite way, I take it, of intimating that you think my impersonation falls between two stools?"

"Not quite that. It means that I think you strike a wonderfully happy mean between the crystalline hardness of lump sugar and the granulated softness of Demerara. Your consistency is remarkable. . . . At the same time, if Stella Deering is no worse than you show her to be, what on earth is there to worry her mother-in-law, except, of course, a very justifiable fear that her own manners may suffer by comparison. That would hardly seem, however, to be the author's intention."

"I am not necessarily as young as all that"

"In other words, you think Stella is more white sugar than brown? . . . Well, perhaps some other time I shall be able to wallow in molasses!"

"Meaning that you would like to play 'character parts.'?"

"Perhaps. One never knows what one can do till one tries, and I am rash enough to want to try everything."

"You don't want to play your present kind of part for ever and ever, amen?"

"No, I don't. It would be awful to have to be eternally 'bright,' and I should love to get a change from sentiment to satire—something rather biting, for preference."

"I doubt if it will ever be allowed."

"What a depressing suggestion! Why not?"

"Well, it's your own fault. You do the bright business too well. The public is beginning to regard you as a little ray of sunshine, and that's very dangerous. They may insist upon your becoming a permanent ray."

"And how can I avoid such an awful doom?"

"You must put them off the scent. Merely as a suggestion, why not play Peter Pan? That would distract them."

"I only wish I had the chance. You haven't been crystal-gazing, I suppose?"

"Nothing so occult—merely indulging in a little intelligent anticipation."

"Is that method more reliable than the other?"

"Questionably in my own case, I admit. . . . But what about your own ideas? There must be rôles, not positively scintillating with brightness, which you want to play."

"Why, yes. Prunella is one of them. I love Housman's play and its peculiar conventions would constitute a fascinating discipline to submit to. Then I want a chance in Shakespeare, Rosalind or Viola especially: their masquerading

"Why not play Peter Pan?"

phases rather appeal to me. . . . I wish, too, some of W. S. Gilbert's plays could be revived. *Pygmalion and Galatea*, for instance, or *The Palace of Truth*, or *Broken Hearts*. I always feel easy and at home in the atmosphere he creates."

"Don't you think Gilbert's stagecraft would seem a little creaky nowadays?"

"I don't see why it should. People are not yet tired of the Savoy operas, and I believe they will sooner weary of Sullivan's music than of Gilbert's wit and humour. His wit has just the same tang in the plays, and his sentiment, which never lapses into sentimentality, is as true as ever."

"I believe you are right. . . . Anyway, I hope you'll let me know when you play Peter Pan. I've seen most of the Peters, from Nina Boucicault onward, and this might easily be a case of latest and best. . . . Really and truly, I did *not* intend any pun."

"It's very polite of you. But what makes you think so?"

"Oh, all sorts of reasons. But you have one obvious qualification, if it's not impertinent to mention it."

"What is that?"

"You haven't grown up!"

The Prince in "R.L.S." Country

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS SHAKES HANDS WITH SAMOAN GIRLS
The daughters of Samoan Chiefs each presented the Prince with a small gift on being presented

Photographs *Ernest Brooks*

THE PRINCE RECEIVES ADDRESSES AND GIFTS FROM NATIVES
On this platform H.R.H. made his speech to the people of Samoa and, as seen above, afterwards received with ceremony the native Chiefs of the Island

Trivialities and Colognialities

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

THE fall of the year brings with it the fall of an institution dear to past and present Occupiers, the Officers' Club in the "Belgischer Hof." Somehow the waiters do not seem to welcome the prospect of being free to serve their own countrymen instead of the brutal invader. Is it only that the "brute's" tips are more generous—or can it be that he is a rather pleasanter person to serve than the German? For the officer, there still remains the imposing club in the Augustinerplatz, whilst the British civilian colony in Cologne will shortly have its own club, founded under consular auspices, but it looks like the parting of the ways civil and military. The B. in O. hopes that his military friends will still sometimes taste with him the cup that cheers, but not (in the quantities for which he is prepared to pay) inebriates, in his very own club on the banks of the Rhine. But he feels that the acceptance of a return invitation to a building like the Augustinerplatz club, the very portals of which seem festooned with invisible brass oak-leaves, its pillars decorated with spiritual crossed swords and batons rampant on a field of tabs gules, would be beyond a mere journalist. Before we were so kindly "lent" this building by the city of Cologne, it was the home of the Junkers' junkettings; its cold severity of line still seems to hold more of the spirit of the banished Prussian top-boot and spurs than of that bred by that comfortable and democratic war-time institution, the common or garden "E.F.C." Officer's Club.

"Suffering the real horrors of war!"

By H. L. Oakley

"His military friends will still sometimes taste with him the cup that cheers"

RHINELAND has been very much in the public eye lately. Firstly, the French President (with Marshal Foch) has paid us a visit. Following as it did on his tour of the devastated areas, the sight of the pleasant fields of Rhineland must have formed a bitter contrast, though he is shrewd enough to know that all is not gold that glitters, nor every unscarred countryside really free from the less visible wounds of War. The winter that is approaching, in spite of good harvests, is full of trials and troubles for Germany—fuller than any yet, save that of 1918. Then the Press at home has also given the Colognials a little notice. One paper has denounced the "waste" on the Rhine, with our Army, our Commissions, and our alleged "comic" Navy in an article written by one who certainly ought to know, and who only a month or two since ceased to form a part of the "waste" himself. In another, a lady has exposed the militaristic spirit in which the aggressive urchins of Rhineland bounce their footballs in the streets! Another paper had revived that fine and crusted old legend of Anglo-German marriages in the Dom. In fact, the British "civvy" seems to be the only person who has escaped denunciation this month.

IT seems a pity that anyone should be left out in the cold, so the B. in O. herewith proceeds to denounce the city fathers of Cologne. By their latest food-control order, they are heading straight for the bloodiest revolution ever known. If any connection of Old Bill's is still on the Rhine, he will use even stronger language and proceed to equally sanguinary deeds. Can one conceive of an order being issued at home, enjoining the weekly purchase of Machonochie or the daily consumption of "hard tack"? Yet every purchaser of a pound of plums here is compelled to buy at the same time a pound of—apples! If the Rhinelander accepts this, then, indeed, is he on the way to suffering the real horrors of war! ERIC GORDON.

"Wind Up!"

BY PETER FRASER

SENSATIONS OF SMALL BOY ON COUNTRY ROAD

Out with the Robinson Heath!

A CHECK

BY HEATH ROBINSON

The Future of Fox Hunting

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

How the Sport Stands

WHAT is to be the future of foxhunting? The question is interesting at the start of a new season. Last winter the sport was resumed on its pre-War lines. It was a sort of experimental season. Nobody seemed to be quite sure as to how things would go after the stormy times which had been passed through. Hunting never really stopped during the War. By hook or by crook the majority of Hunts managed to struggle on under unexampled difficulties. Only a mere handful of followers were claimed in those vital days by packs which in normal times had attracted hundreds of riders. Hounds had to be strictly rationed in view of food difficulties. Breeding was, accordingly, suspended in many kennels, with the result that packs were found at the end of the War to be half their usual size. The rise in poultry values made it necessary to reduce the stock of foxes by means which caused a shudder among many a keen foxhunter. But it had to be done, and I think, on the whole, the process was accomplished judiciously.

Hunting's "New Poor"

ON top of all this came the vastly increased cost of everything connected with hunting. Many lovers of the sport found themselves among the "new poor." Large estates were broken up in every direction. No wonder, then, that it was asked whether foxhunting could possibly survive all these set-backs. Happily, things have not turned out so badly after all. Difficulties of a grave character still confront the foxhunting community, but I think it can be said that the results last season were better than the majority of people had expected. Perhaps the most important question of all was the attitude of the farmers, without whose co-operation and goodwill the prosperity of foxhunting would obviously be short-lived.

Bravo, the Farmers!

IT was known that the agricultural position had changed completely since the early days of the War. A vast amount of pasture-land had been put under cultivation, small holdings had increased, and hundreds of thousands of acres had changed hands. Doubts as to wire, poultry, and damage clouded the hunting horizon. Let it be stated at once that the farmers were splendid. Taken on the whole, they of all sections of the community appeared most to delight in the revival of the sport. They not only gave the Hunts a cordial welcome on their land, but many of them came out with the hounds or were represented by their sons and daughters.

The Best of Supporters

I THINK it not too much to state that never since the early days of foxhunting were the farmers so strongly represented in the fields as was the case last season. This is, perhaps, the most encouraging augury of all for the future of the sport. It may be that farmers will not be able to take such an active part in hunting affairs if things should take a less prosperous turn for them. Let us hope that that day will be very long delayed. It is sufficient for the moment to know that the sympathies of the agriculturists are as strongly with foxhunting as ever they were, and so long as their practical interest remains we need not fear for the existence of one of our great national sports.

Riders, Take Heed!

IT behoves followers of hounds for their part to be more than ever careful to avoid all unnecessary damage. It should be a point of honour among them not to break down fences when there are gates and gaps to go through. It is imperative that gates should be closed by the "last man through" in order that stock should not stray from their enclosures.

(*Continued on page 50*)

By LIONEL EDWARDS

"PRIDE GOETH BEFORE—!"

DEALER'S MAN (*doubtful if stout customer will manage it at the first hop*):—"First time, mum?"

INDIGNANT LADY: "Certainly not! I've ridden all my life!"

The Valet's

THE HUNTSMAN'S GHOST RETURNS TO

920

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

) THE SCENE OF FORMER RUNS

THE FUTURE OF FOX-HUNTING (*continued from page 47*)

Photograph] CUBBING WITH THE HERTFORDSHIRE AT HATFIELD PARK [*Sport and General*

Waiting for the fox to break in Millward Park

There should be no "larking" over jumps on the way home. "I should like to ask those who take part in the chase," writes a Gloucestershire farmer, "kindly to use gates as much as possible when hounds are not running. I have about thirty on my farm, and they will fail to find one they cannot easily open without having to dismount." By careful attention to these and other details of a similar nature foxhunters may oil the machinery for the smooth running of their beloved sport. Never, in brief, was it more necessary for Masters of Hounds and hunting people to exercise tact and common-sense in riding to hounds.

With the Pytchley

UNDER present-day conditions the smooth running of a Hunt entails a great deal more actual work than it formerly did. Where the M.F.H. or the Hunt Secretary had formerly to correspond with one landowner or his agent, he now has to deal with six smaller men. Of the Pytchley country, which may be taken as typical of the Shires as a whole, Sir Charles Frederick tells me they have found that the new landowners are very kindly disposed towards hunting. "The feature that struck me most last season," says this popular M.F.H., "was the number of farmers who came out. Before the War there were, perhaps, a score of them, but last year we counted nearly 150. I am sure this is a good omen for the future."

Finance

THERE remains, of course, the great financial difficulty. Individual hunting people have grumbled a good deal because subscriptions have been raised in most countries, the increase being coupled with the tremendous jump in the cost of horses, forage, equipment, and stable *personnel*. This has meant that a number of people whose incomes have not kept pace with the rise in prices and heavier taxation have been obliged to give up hunting, or, at all events, to hunt on a much smaller scale than they formerly did. I am afraid this is one of the inevitable aftermaths of the War. It is not much consolation to sportsmen with modest fixed incomes to be told that the increase in the cost of hunting is not greater than the increases which are encountered in almost every other direction. The solid fact remains, and I fear there is no hope for it.

The M.F.H.'s Burden

UPON the M.F.H. the greatest financial burden falls. Against the calls upon that official's resources the expenditure of the average rider to hounds pales into insignificance. Increased guarantees do not fully make up for all the additional outgoings which now have to be faced. A well-known Master ruefully remarked to me a few days ago: "The M.F.H. of the future will either have to be a millionaire or else hunting will have to be carried on upon much simpler and cheaper lines."

The Simpler Life

SHALL we ever see a return to the trencher-fed packs of our forefathers and find the farmers combining to offer hay and corn towards the Hunt establishment? Those days of the simpler life! It may even come to that if the financial stringency becomes still more acute, but I am hopeful that within the next few years the monetary position will somehow adjust itself. There is a tendency, I think, for hunters to be cheaper than they were at this time last year, but their upkeep is still a tremendous item, and it is not to be wondered at that the majority of foxhunters keep a smaller stable than they used to do.

Hounds and Foxes

MANY kennels will still be short of hounds. Even the Belvoir have not yet been able to resume their custom of drafting hounds, but this is

Some New Masters

a matter which must come right in due course. Foxes are naturally not so numerous in most places as they were, but no actual dearth of hunting material was noticeable last season, and huntsmen are not taking a very doleful view of the fox situation. The high price commanded by fox-pelts at the moment is, naturally, a temptation to those who are not in sympathy with hunting, but it is hoped that this menace will be satisfactorily met. The poultry question, again, is one which cannot be burked. Fowls formerly paid for at two shillings a head are now worth four or five times as much, and, somehow, it is always the choicest laying strains which Reynard seems to select! Poultry funds must be adjusted in accordance with the new values, which means a further call upon the hunt subscriber.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. CHOLMONDELEY
Who has taken the North Shropshire Hounds

CAPT. GEORGE BELLVILLE
This famous polo player is hunting the Woodland Pytchley

LORD ST. GERMANS
Master of the East Cornwall country

GENERAL T. E. HICKMAN, M.P.
Joint Master this season of the Albrighton

LORD ORKNEY
Under whose Mastership it is hoped all Whaddon Chase difficulties will be smoothed

MRS. R B. BRASSEY
Formerly Lady Dalmeny. This fine horsewoman is now wife of the Master of the Heythrop Hounds

Among the Cubs

BAD weather considerably delayed the harvest this year, and cub-hunting operations have been delayed accordingly. On the other hand, scenting conditions have favoured those packs which were able to make a reasonably early start, and I gather that huntsmen are not dissatisfied with the results so far. The reports I have lately received from many countries nearly all speak hopefully of the prospects of sport in the regular season. Much must necessarily depend upon the weather, but given a tolerably open season there is no reason why followers of hounds should not be in for a very good time. Last season the results were eminently satisfactory, in spite of the drawbacks which inevitably followed the resumption of sport on its old lines.

(Continued on next page)

THE FUTURE OF FOX-HUNTING (concluded)

Getting the Wire Down

WIRE, for instance, caused a great deal of trouble, especially in the grasslands of the Midlands. This convenient method of mending fences had been pursued wholesale during the War, with the result that some districts became veritable birdcages. Labour was scarce and expensive, so it was a sheer impossibility to get all the wire removed. But as much as possible was done in this direction, and even more will be done during the next month or two. Thus we may look for an appreciable improvement in this important matter, especially as so many of the farmers are now riding to hounds.

In the Shires

IN the Shires there have not been many changes since last season. Lord Lonsdale goes on with the Cottesmore, much to the satisfaction of the farmers and landowners, whose interests he has always been careful to study. Last year, for example, he stopped hunting at the end of March, several weeks earlier than usual, as he thought that the land might in some places be damaged owing to the moist conditions then prevailing. Major Algernon Burnaby is looking after the interests of the Quorn again in partnership with Mr. W. E. Paget. Their first season in the joint Mastership of the famous pack was a distinct success and the Leicestershire farmers were obviously pleased to see the hounds in their old form again.

THE GARTH CUB-HUNTING NEAR TWYFORD

The Master, Major Jackson, awaits news of the draw with other members of the hunt in a Berkshire lane

Photographs *Sport and General*

MISS K. WILMOT

Daughter of Sir Robert Wilmot, whom she assists in his training stable. She is a prominent member of the Garth Hunt

Mrs. Inge's Successor

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by which Mrs. Fernie will continue in the Mastership of the hounds with which her late husband showed such great sport, but the Midland Counties' other lady M.F.H., Mrs. Inge, has retired, after having admirably steered the Atherstone Hunt through an extremely troublous time. Her place is now taken by Major Henry Hawkins, who brings with him the excellent experience gained during his term in the command of the Grafton Hunt. He will have opportunities for hunting hounds which were denied him in his late country, the arrangement being that Major Hawkins shall handle the Atherstone doghounds two days a week. Lord Hillingdon is the new Master of the Grafton. His selection is undoubtedly very popular, and there promises to be fields of pre-War dimensions in this fine country.

A New Lady Master

MRS. INGE'S retirement does not lessen the number of lady Masters of Foxhounds, as Lady Masham has taken the Bedale country in Yorkshire. As becomes a daughter of the late Mr. W. R. Brockton, one of the greatest horsemen of his day, Lady Masham is an enthusiastic sportswoman, and is determined to make her term of Mastership a genuine success. She can count on the whole-hearted support of all connected with the country.

A Royal Foxhunter

THE Prince of Wales will be home in time to see a good deal of foxhunting, for which he displayed pronounced keenness last season. There could be no mistaking the great enjoyment he derived from his days with the Pytchley and the Hertfordshire. When he first hunted with the former pack the Master asked Captain Drummond, one of the most experienced of Pytchley men, to pilot His Royal Highness. Later in the day Sir Charles Frederick was somewhat perturbed to learn that the Prince had taken a fall over a stile. "You've done a nice thing!" the M.F.H. said to Captain Drummond. The latter replied: "I started off to pilot the Prince round, but before we had gone very far he was piloting me!" It is expected that the Prince will hunt with a number of packs this winter.

ARTHUR W. COATEN

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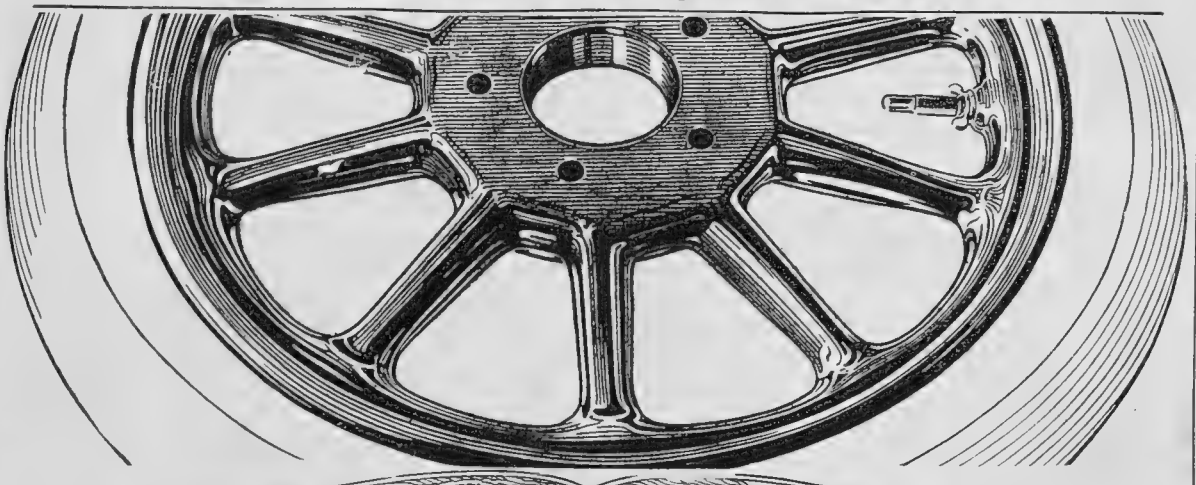

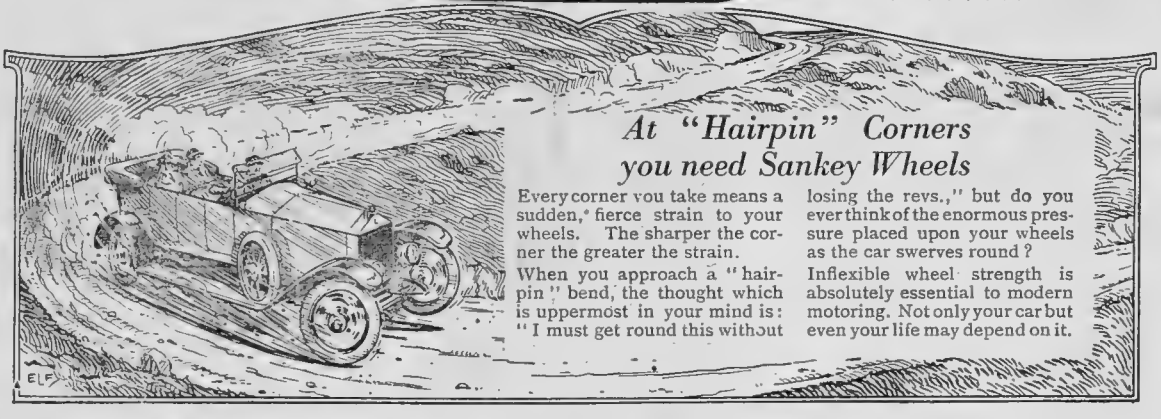

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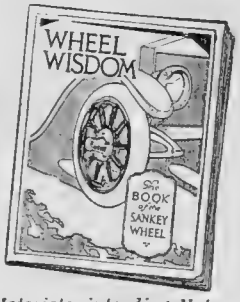

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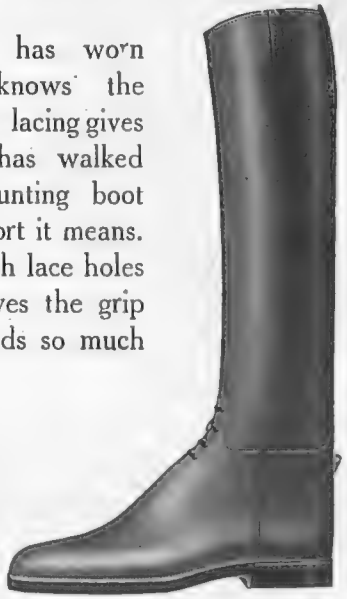

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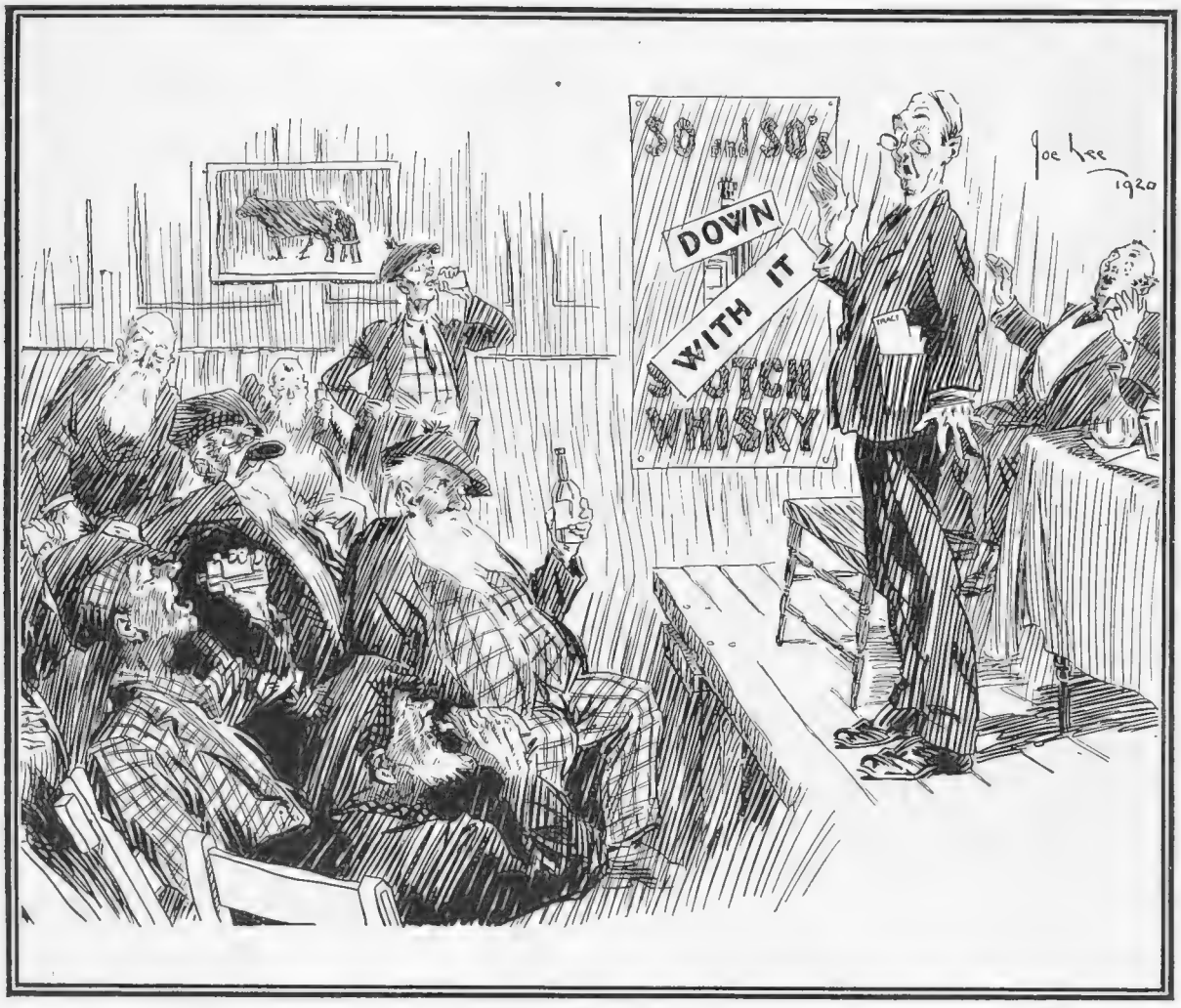

"DOWN WITH DRINK!" By Joseph Lee

An enthusiastic reception of this Prohibition slogan at a "Pussyfoot" meeting north of the Tweed

The Fourth in Order

By A. P. GARLAND

She was an heiress. More than that—she was an heiress with some grey matter inside her Marcel permanent wave. She had inherited that—the grey matter, not the wave—from her old man, who had made a corner in glue and stuck to it till his business rivals tapped the floor and retired to swell the ranks of the bath-chairmen, sandwichmen, and other representatives of the New Poor.

She had read all the romances, and knew all about all the great heiresses therein. And she had sized them all up. "Everything north of their necks represented a sheer waste of raw material for toothbrush handles," she would say. For she had read O. Henry, and had studied the chewing-gum advertisements.

And being wealthy beyond the dreams of a hotel-commissionaire, she languished for a true love—something burning and bright, like that of Lancelot, Abelard, or William Hart—or again, like somebody's night-lights.

Lovers she had in plenty, but of these there were four of equal merits, whether in general pulchritude or in the crease of their pants, or in their soulful eyes, or in their ardent devotion.

With any one of these she could have gone down the vale, or wandered in love's garden, or communed, soul to soul, or, to put it more bluntly, hitched up in matrimony, but for the still small voice of caution which now and then would shout in her ear, "Is it your face or your figure he wants most?" And as her figure ran into millions, her soul was troubled with doubt.

So, as the princesses of old were wont to do, she set them a test. For she led each and every one of the four young men on until he was within an ace of a proposal. Then she checked. And instead of letting him go on to a sloppily-sentimental finish she made a date for him to call and see her at her house. And, starting at three o'clock in the afternoon, and with half hour intervals, the four appointments were for the same day.

And they came. The first young man had cleared his throat and was about to spring the old, old question when she was hurriedly summoned from the room.

When she came back ten minutes later, the young man had discovered that he had to hasten to the chemist's to buy a soothing balsam for his aunt who had

"THE FOURTH IN ORDER" (*concluded*)

gumboils on her feet. And he went away.

"False Clarence! I have discovered thee, thou mean little pie-can," she murmured. And she fixed the letter from her papa in a more prominent place still, awaiting Reginald.

And Reginald—he, too, vended unto the maid a young dog. For when she returned after the arranged interruption she found him in agony from toothache and his right jaw was puffed like a *vol-au-vent*. And when he spoke and said that he must hurry to the dentist to have an eye-tooth extracted, his jaw subsided. So rightly the maid judged it was wind.

"Earthworm," she sighed, as he departed.

And Algernon, too, he whose clear blue eyes revealed a pure soul; he who pleaded that the world was well lost for love; and who could quote the respectable parts of Swinburne—he was but a whited sepulchre and a dud.

For he pleaded that he had left his flat without giving unto his pet cat—a beautiful animal, half-Persian and half-goat—its daily ration of gee-gee meat, and that he must hurry back and do his duty.

"Toad," said the poor maid, as the tears started to meander down her cheeks, and remove the artificial part of her complexion. "Are all men alike?"

And she picked up the letter and read it again. It ran:

MY DARLING ELECTRA,

Glue has hardened two kopecks per verst, and we are ruined. I have got a job as ticket-taker in a Cinema Palace. Do you know enough to take an appointment as daily girl in a lodging-house here in Brighton? It is all that is left.

Your broken and broken-hearted Father,

RUFUS RUGG.

"For Harold," she murmured softly, as she placed it in its old position awaiting his arrival. "Another stumer."

And Harold came. And the play was performed as before. And she was called away.

But—when she came back all was joy. Harold, with the love-light in his eyes, got the speech off his chest and said that he pined for her and wanted her to be his own little girlie and words of a similar import.

And the maiden was so taken aback that, as she said, you might have knocked her down with a life-preserver. And, thrilled with the thought that true love at last was hers, she flung herself so unexpectedly at the young man that he staggered back and got so mixed up with a what-not that it required the fourth butler and the tweeny-maid to disentangle them.

Then the servants withdrew and when the coast was once more again clear, the loving pair resumed the good work at the exact point where it had been interrupted.

. . . . . .

It was only when they were driving away from the church and Electra with a dainty little manicure-set was dislodging an odd ounce or two of confetti from Harold's darling ears that she learned that he could not read a line of print without his glasses.

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DEAD HEAT

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Raz," and "Victory," are now published in colour, 17 in. by 12 in., at 1s. each.

BELIEF AND THE FIG LEAF

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

IT is very sad that all the beautiful myths of our youth should be gradually dispelled. But it is a materialistic and mythoclastic age.

My intelligence cynically suggests that my ancient ancestors probably swung by their tails, whilst many of their descendants to-day should swing for theirs. Yet my sense of beauty, of romance, of love of vanity and of pride, cries aloud for the poetic origin of all things in a wonderful garden of flowers.

There is no romance in the ape, it merely exhibits a crude truth with all of truth's nasty indelicacies. But the Garden of Eden has a poetic suggestion, even if it is a beautiful white lie.

And so I must play in my garden.

Perhaps, when the sun first shone on the Garden of Eden, and the first pair of irresponsibles jazzed to the soft music of the serpent's lute—it was thoughtful of him to provide the music; give him his due—the climate was so perfect that even the donning of a fig leaf was the merest concession to the dawning of modesty.

It was only when man developed from his divine simplicity that the atmosphere changed, and in self-defence though always primitive, he was compelled to adopt clothes as a protection against the varied elements.

And woman, who even in the origin was never simple decked herself throughout the ages, until to-day her clothes are again almost original. And the primitive man loves the origin of woman, as the modern primitive woman loves the original man.

But when the mind is artistic, and the sun shines, or the central heating radiates, it is doubtful whether clothes are really necessary. And if they are—though the fashions of the diaphanous modern Eve are as slight as the doubt—there is no reason why they should not be alluring.

* * * * * * * * *

The price one has to pay for everything is alarming but the fruits of victory in war and love, are always costly. At any rate, we know that Adam's apple cost a "shocking" figure, even though Eve's wedding gown cost nothing—to speak of.

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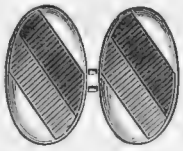

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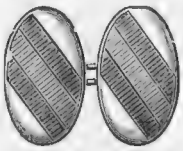
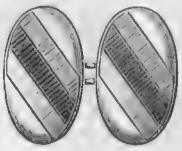


The Brigade of Guards

The Royal Artillery



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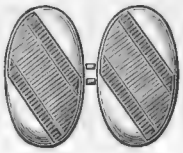

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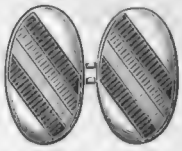

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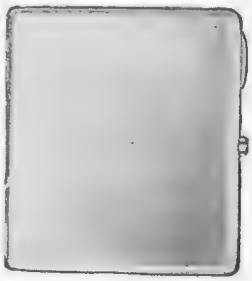

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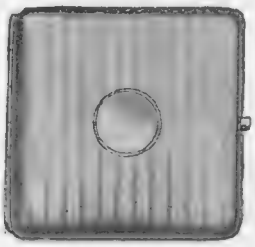

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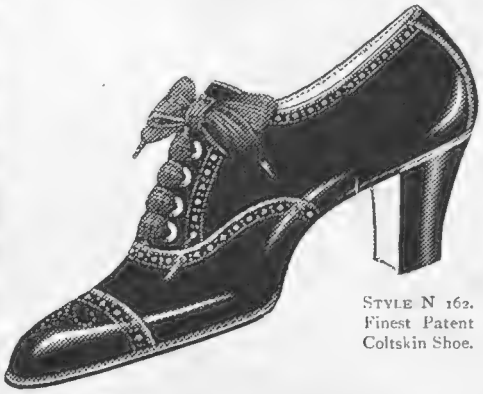

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Photograph] EARL HAIG

As the newly-elected captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf honoured ceremony (described on this page) of driving a Kirkaldy, the veteran professional of the Club,

"PLAYS HIMSELF IN" [*Sport and General*

Club, Earl Haig, on Wednesday last, performed the time-ball from the first tee at St. Andrews. To Andrew belongs the proud privilege of teeing the ball

SPORTS & PASTIMES

GOLF

The R. & A. Captaincy

THE captaincy of the Royal and Ancient Club, a position of obvious eminence in the golfing world, has been held at different times by all sorts of distinguished persons—distinguished I mean for other things besides prowess at golf. The late King Edward, for instance, when Prince of Wales, was captain of the Club in 1863. But however great a man you may be in other spheres of life, you have, in order to be captain at St. Andrews, to be a golfer as well, and this is no doubt the origin of the ceremony which every captain has to go through of "playing himself in," or, in other words, of driving a ball from the first tee. Having done this the new captain automatically becomes holder of the Queen Adelaide medal and of the silver clubs which go with it. He then makes a present of £1 to the caddie who retrieves the ball, a thing which takes some doing, seeing that all the caddies in the place are present with that object in view, and the ball is then handed to the Secretary of the Club to be moulded in silver and attached to the silver clubs.

Earl Haig's Drive

WHEN the new captain of the Royal and Ancient Club, Earl Haig, "played himself in" on Wednesday last, the whole of St. Andrews turned out to watch him doing it, and to see what manner of drive he would make. For this drive, just because of the importance of the function, is no ordinary drive, and golfers of high standing have been known to make a complete mess of it. No captain has ever yet "missed the globe" altogether—a catastrophe too painful even to think of—but there are cases on record of the ball having only travelled for a few feet. The noble Earl, however, emerged from the ordeal with credit. It is true that his drive could not by any stretch of imagination be called a long one, but it rose in the air satisfactorily and went straight ahead until it was lost to sight in a seething crowd of caddies struggling for possession of it. So ended auspiciously another episode in the history of the career of a great man. He must have gladdened one youthful heart, at any rate, when he insisted upon being photographed with the caddie who ultimately secured his ball.

CAUGHT! BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

"Dear me, what's wrong now, I wonder?"

HOCKEY

The Coming Season

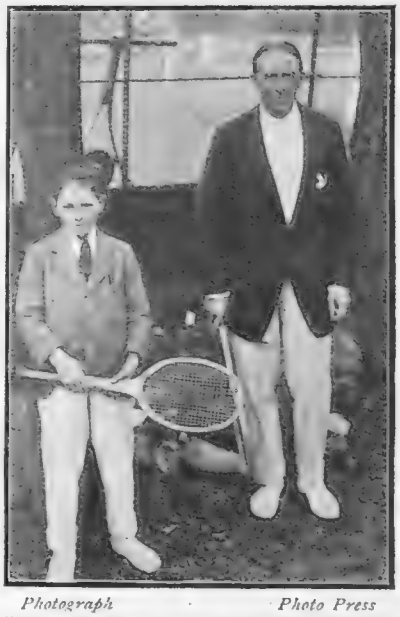
HOCKEY players may look forward without any misgivings of any kind to the future of their game. It is already firmly re-established, and its popularity for a variety of reasons is bound to increase rather than diminish. One of these reasons is

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

that the example set by Marlborough, the oldest hockey-playing school in the country, is being increasingly followed by other public schools. This in turn has the effect of augmenting the ranks of hockey-players at the 'Varsities, and so of ensuring a steady influx year by year of new blood of the right quality into the various clubs throughout the kingdom.

Good Organisation

THE governing body of the game, the Hockey Association, is a very live organisation, and the thoroughness with which it does its work is reflected in the activities of the territorial and county associations which work under it. The system of trials for places in International teams, for instance, is a very complete one, and thus aspirants for International honours feel that their interests are not being ignored. In England five trials are held by teams representing the North, the South, the East, the West and the Midlands, and then comes a game entitled England *v.* The Rest—an innovation which was tried last year, and has been found to work well. Club hockey is, of course, as in Rugby football, the backbone of the game, but county hockey is also quite in a flourishing condition (good organisation again), in spite of the fact that most of it has to be played in the middle of the week in order to leave Saturdays clear for club games.



Photograph *Photo Press*

"FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS"

Mr. J. G. Ritchie, the veteran lawn tennis player, with his youthful son, who already shows a distinct aptitude for the game, and hopes one day to emulate his father's achievements

The 'Varsities and The Services

As regards the 'Varsities, whose doings are always followed with interest, it is worth noting that the practice introduced last year of playing the 'Varsity Association match, like the Rugby match, before instead of after Christmas is to be adhered to. There are always a fair number of prominent footballers who are also hockey-players, and this arrangement gives them a better opportunity of concentrating on hockey after Christmas if they are so minded. The 'Varsities, by the way, should both be strong this year, for at both the majority of last year's team are still "up," and there are any number of promising players awaiting trial in addition to one or two who would probably have got their Blues but for injuries. Another sphere of the game in which prosperity and expansion seem to be assured is the Services. So far the Army, whose team won the Services Championship last season, have made the most headway. H. S. S.

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By "The Tout"

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Mr. T. F. Dawkins is the Jockey Club's official handicapper. He is the man who sets us all thinking so hard just now in trying to find a solution to his Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire conundrum. Moreover, he is hard to beat, for he is a student, and knows his job from A to Z

The Cesarewitch Favourite

At Newmarket last week I found all the knowing ones sharply divided between Blue Dun and Bracket for the Cesarewitch. Both mares are doing a splendid preparation, and both are fully expected to stay the distance. There is the big difference of 8 lb. between them in the weights, and you will understand that means a great deal over the Cesarewitch course. In distance it is the equivalent of quite a number of lengths. Is Blue Dun good enough to concede the weight to her formidable rival? Personally, I think she is. You will know that I have always expressed a great admiration for the filly. Indeed, in my opinion she is the best three-year-old in training. The Bracket people will tell you that she will have to prove herself to be a smasher if she is to give away the poundage to Bracket, but I can tell you Captain Bewicke is full of confidence.

Holbeach

My final selection for the big long-distance handicap can be deferred until next week. I think the two Newmarket fillies have a very formidable rival in Holbeach. Of course, he has no pretensions to their "class," but look at the lumps of weight he receives from them—19 lb. from Blue Dun and 11 lb. from Bracket. The Cesarewitch is one of those events in which it is impossible to ignore the considerations of weight. Holbeach has shown that he stays the distance. Both his Doncaster and Windsor performances were excellent. You have always to take the risk of a lightly-weighted animal being adequately ridden, but I think in young Morris he will have about the best boy now riding at the weight. Spearwort's chance cannot be ignored, and Walter Griggs is said to fancy Front Line. I think, however, that one of the three favourites will win. If I took a bet now I should go strongly for Blue Dun and save on Holbeach "each way."

The Cambridgeshire

No one is talking much about the Cambridgeshire just now, for there is such a lot of coughing and heel trouble in various stables that you cannot tell from one day to another which are the next horses to be laid aside. Fortunately, there was no ante-post betting over the Jockey Club Stakes last week, or many people would have burnt their fingers severely over Buchan. Lord Astor can well afford to withstand the "slings and arrows" of racing misfortunes, but it was undeniably bad luck to be robbed of the Jockey Club Stakes two years in succession. I don't suppose that all the prominent Cambridgeshire candidates will steer clear of trouble during the next few weeks. It will be just as well to leave the race alone until nearer its date. I may tell you, however, that the trainer of Fancy Man is not disposed to be despondent about the colt's defeat at Newbury. It is clear that Royal Hussar's victory was by no means unexpected by "Paddy" Hartigan, his clever trainer, and the inference is that Fancy Man's task was much more severe than most of us had imagined.

At Kempton Park

Although the field for the Duke of York's Stakes on Saturday looks like being one of the smallest in the history of the race there is every prospect of good sport at Kempton Park. On the first day the new £2,000 sprint, the Queen Elizabeth Handicap, should produce a very interesting race. A great deal will depend upon whether Orby's Pride has regained the brilliancy he displayed in the spring. He has already shown his liking for the course, and though the handicapper has by no means overlooked his smart performances I expect to see the success of **Orby's Pride.**

Duke of York's Stakes

So many of those entered in the Duke of York's Stakes have Cambridgeshire and other engagements that it is not easy to say at the moment of writing which will run at Kempton. Silvern may carry his penalty to victory, but I think **Chuette** each way will prove the best bet in the race. I expect **Polly Flinders** to win the big nursery handicap on the same afternoon.

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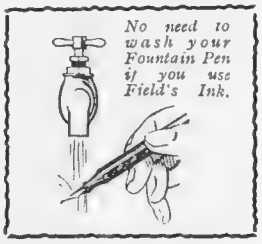

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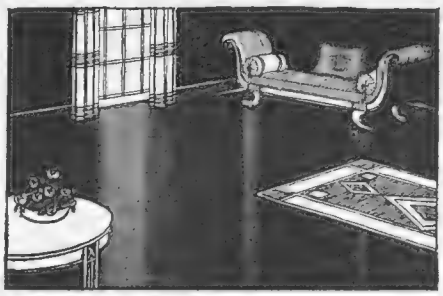

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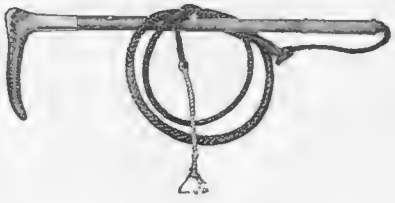

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

MR. HAROLD OHLSON'S second novel, *Broken Colour* (Lane: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), has all the pleasant qualities of its predecessor, *The Dancing Hours*. The author sets out to introduce you to a coterie of artistic folk who are more than usually charming. The story itself is unpretentious, but satisfactorily unfolded. A young painter, after losing a leg in the war, makes a valiant attempt to become a business man in order to marry the girl of his dreams. But Herbert Aveling is nothing but a painter, as his friends Angela and James Dodd know well enough, and you guess more or less how the venture into commerce will end. But the story matters not at all when you meet these most splendid Dodds who must be numbered amongst the very nicest couples ever invented. Mr. Ohlson is a likeable writer with a jolly way of his own.

⁂ ⁂

ALLOW a rich, elderly, and charming woman to fall on the ice; banish her to bed for the best part of a year; collect the letters she writes to, and receives from, her most intimate friends and relations—and, if your name is E. V. Lucas, you will be furnished with "a kind of a story" such as is well worth the reading. *Verena in the Midst* (Methuen: 8*s.* 6*d.* net) is but one more of those delicately-fashioned works which Mr. Lucas, for some years, has been writing for our entertainment. Miss Raby's correspondence is admirably chosen, and the two numbers of "The Beguiler" which are included—it is a child's magazine which must not be allowed to die at so early an age—are priceless. You will renew your acquaintance with Mr. Richard Haven—for, of course, you have read *The Vermilion Box*—and bear with the inventive but unpleasant Horace Mun-Brown, and sympathise with young Roy in his love-affairs, and in general enjoy yourself greatly. For in this "kind of a story" Mr. Lucas excels.

⁂ ⁂

THE picture of the American dressmaking trade which Miss Corinne Lowe paints in her novel, *Saul* (Constable: 9*s.* net), is starkly realistic. I daresay there is no exaggeration at all. Saul Furinski, like nearly every other character in the book, is a Jew. You could hardly imagine a more unpleasant lot of people to meet. Yet there is enormous interest to be obtained from a plain recital of these men's business careers, a fact of which the authoress has taken the fullest advantage.

⁂ ⁂

SAUL himself, for all his cool egotism, is not, perhaps, so bad as the others: he is the shrewd—though sometimes not so shrewd as he would like—man of business, but he is also a lover of beauty, a designer of frocks. His hopes and his fears, his failures and successes are set out with a power which few would deny. And Channah, his wife, is an altogether astonishing creation. But you feel that some genius ought to rise up and bawl out to these people an order to *stop*. Suspicion of one another seems to be the curse of their lives, and yet it is so well-founded, and so often accompanies a racial understanding, and even a queer, half-involuntary affection, as to make it almost impossible to imagine them without it. It is all very odd, but strangely alluring, and *Saul* should not be missed.

⁂ ⁂

MR. A. S. HOMEWOOD'S novel, *Jimpy* (Heath, Cranton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is an ingenuous tale, perhaps too ingenuous for some readers. As a boy Jimpy has his own little naughtinesses which are good to read about. He cuts off a young lady's hair—a heinous crime of which no young gentleman, however junior, ought to be guilty; but, as against this, he "has a way with him," and in spite of those tears which mar some theatricals at school, Jimpy demands most people's affection, and gets it. The grown-up Jimpy is not quite so interesting in himself, although his adventures are of the most varied kind. The story, you are to gather, is wholly unpretentious, but graciously told.

By ARTHUR WATTS

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Whenever you see a Pillar Box think of the Onoto.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD.,
Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1.

THE LITERARY LOG (concluded)

"JEKYLL AND HYDE" UP-TO-DATE

You know Mr Ralph Straus, who "rolls" the Literary Log in THE BYSTANDER; but he is also a novelist, yes, a better novelist than many of the people he "rolls." He cannot say that himself, not very well, even if he thought it, which would never occur to him. Therefore a new story by him, *Pengard Awake*, which the house of Methuen has just published, comes to another judgment-seat. There it has made an impression for its subtle treatment of a most modern subject, for the story-gift which has woven that subject into a most compelling tale, and for its supple, melodious English, always a dowery for thanks.

MR. RALPH STRAUS

Whose new novel, "Pengard Awake," has just been published by Methuen and is reviewed on this page. Mr. Straus is well known to readers of this journal as "The Bystander's" Literary Log-Roller

"So that Jekyll and Hyde can really exist?" "Exist," retorts Dr. Lucius Arne, "I should think they can, and a dev'lish nuisance they can be to a hard-working doctor." Anciently those things were called witchcraft and black magic, and people were burned for them. "To-day," observes Dr. Arne, "we speak of a dissociation. Um! Very well now! Dissociation! Multiple personality!" He was discussing the case of John Pengard with Sir Robert Graeme, who narrates it. No, it wasn't "shell shock" with John, though that out-throw of the Great War has been full tragic and far-reaching. There is no war in the story, except the war to restore him—shall we say, to himself?

John Pengard we meet in Chicago, but he was an Englishman who had created a fine bookshop there. Boston was the address of Hartley Sylvester, the author of that epoch-making work, "Indomitable Man"; Boston, when he was at home! His way was to be at home when John Pengard saw "black dots" in Chicago and lost himself. Perhaps you now comprehend the delicate entangling human elements of *Pengard Awake* mental "dissociation" brought up-to-date. You may even think you grasp the clue to Mr. Straus's riddle of the sands of the soul. You are quite wrong, for when you are saying "Pengard is —— and Sylvester is ——" the adventure is hardly begun, although also it is near its end by the white cliffs of Dover.

JAMES MILNE

Bond of Union

TOBACCO

When you're both over 90.

WHEN you're both in the nineties and the game's 100 up, your pipe may be either a help or a handicap.

Fiery tobaccos put a man off his game. The mixture to smoke is Bond of Union—the cool tobacco.

Bond of Union never gets too hot, never bites your tongue, never spoils your stroke. It has the mellowness of Old Brown Sherry, and you enjoy its fine flavour the more because it *always smokes cool.*

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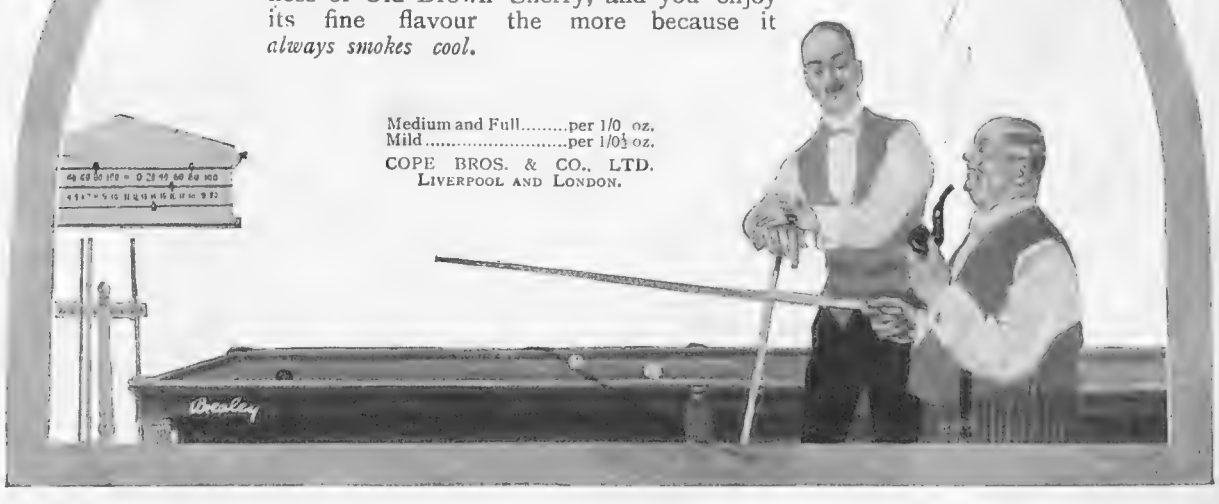

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Like all Summit Collars, Shape 27 is made from the special Summit material which is thoroughly shrunk and maintains its shape and size throughout repeated visits to the laundry.

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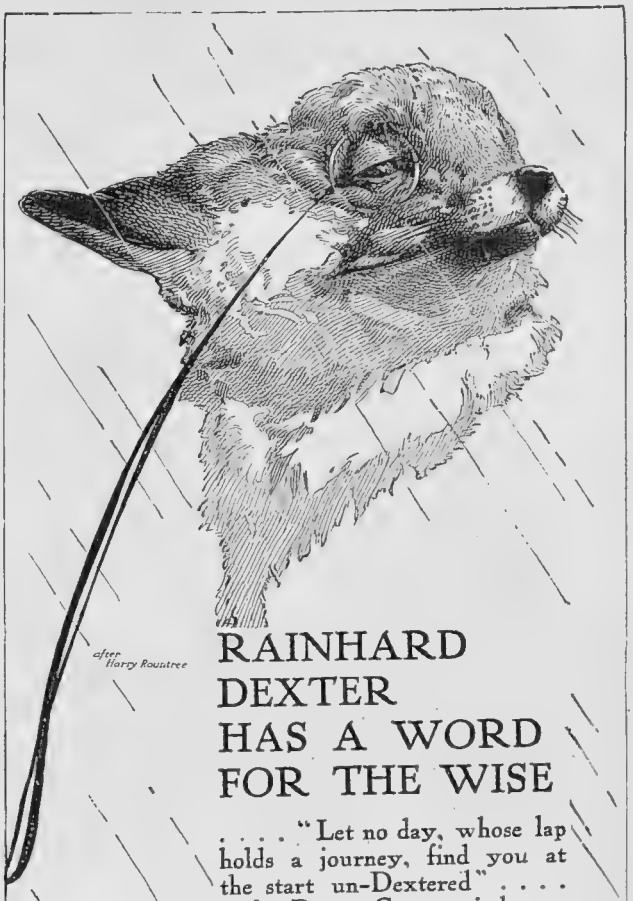

after Harry Rountree

RAINHARD DEXTER HAS A WORD FOR THE WISE

. . . . "Let no day, whose lap holds a journey, find you at the start un-Dextered" . . . . verb. Dex Come wind . . . the Dexter shields you; come rain . . . the Dexter keeps you dry; come sun . . . the Dexter light, cut on generous lines, garbs you in style.

Staunch-proofed, fine-tailored, clean-cut . . . . at fixed moderate prices.

DEXTER
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As British as the Weather
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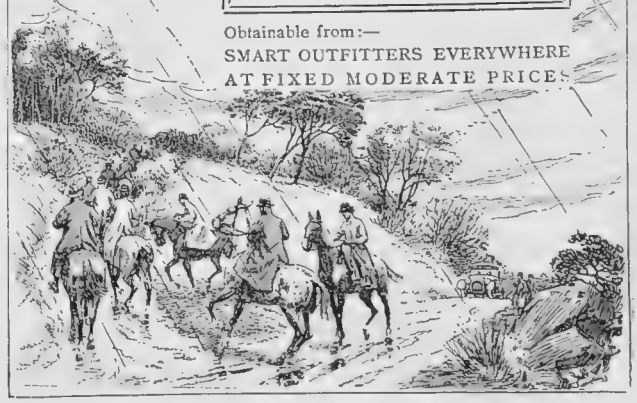
DEXTYLE OVERCOATS of fault'ess tailoring and materials . . . light yet warm . . . close or loose fitting . . . of latest fashion . . . ready-to-don at all Dexter dealers.

Obtainable from:—
SMART OUTFITTERS EVERYWHERE
AT FIXED MODERATE PRICES



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Photograph] **BETROTHED: MISS GRETTA CAMERON OF THE MEATH HUNT** *[Poole, Waterford*

Whose engagement to Lieut. Theodore E. W. Brinckman, of the 1st Life Guards, has just been announced. Miss Cameron is a daughter of Major I. R. B. Cameron and the Dowager Marchioness Conyngham, and step-sister of the Marquis of Conyngham. Her fiancé is the elder son of Col. Sir Theodore Brinckman, C.B.

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Foreign Orders must include Postage

More "Gentle Arts" than one

EXACTLY, sir, amongst good fishermen are found many of the keenest Kensitas enthusiasts. Seems to me, sir, that the "contemplative art" mellows good judgment and fine distinction—and so it seems but natural that the mellow Kensitas should find favour with the exacting fisherman.

For I have met few fishermen who were not exacting critics of good tobacco and fewer still who did not agree that Kensitas were—

"as good as really good cigarettes can be."

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Kensitas

Extra Large Virginia Cigarettes

20 for 1/5

50 for 3/5 100 for 6/10

Of all High-class Tobacconists.

See the name on every box and cigarette.

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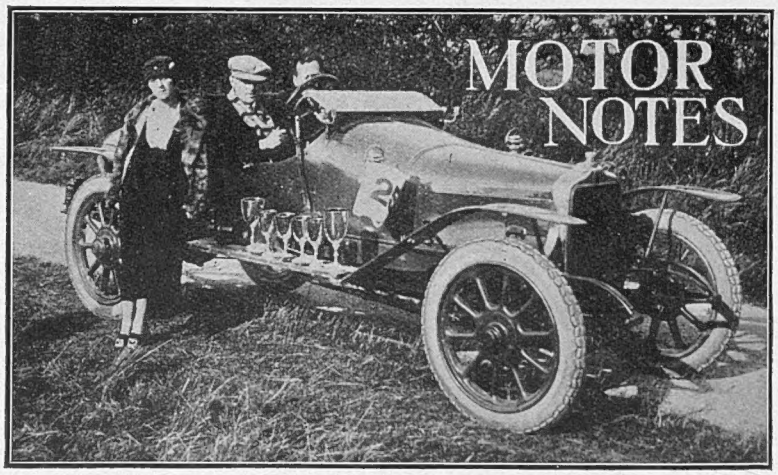


A TALBOT CAR WITH SIX CUPS

Being some of the prizes won by the driver, Captain Malcolm Campbell at the Hampshire Automobile Hill Climbing Test. The car was equipped with Dominion Nobby Tread Tyres

One hears that the "mass" production cars are to be cheaper, and as tangible evidence to rumours, that the prices of Bean cars are reduced, the chassis by £50, the two-seater by 100 guineas, the two-seated coupé by £125, and the four-seated coupé by £140, which makes this 'bus' a reasonable bargain. With regard to the price of Ford cars in America, I was told before the War by one of the big agents of that make that the manufacturer could well afford to sell these cars at cost price, as the profit on replacements of parts would alone pay a very handsome dividend to the company. Perhaps my informant was right, of course, I don't know, as I am not in possession of the balance sheets of this concern, but judging by the recent announcement made in the United States newspapers it looks as if that agent knew what he was talking about. Anyway, I believe that the British Government only paid something like £74 for each Ford car during the great tussle, but the bill for spare parts was enormous in its total, so that "the swings well paid for the roundabouts," as the fair folk say.

* * *

Anyway, motorists must rest content in seeing any reduction in price that is made due to more economical production, as all the talk about slumps is silly. How can cars be made cheaper in any other way but by savings effected in this fashion, when railway rates are up, coal costs more, wages are getting higher every day, and so all materials are more expensive to buy? Cars that are turned out in very big quantities don't seem to last as long as the "hand-made" variety without requiring replacement of parts that get worn out quicker than in the high-class motor carriage. But it cannot be denied that given 100,000, or more, cars of this "mass" kind on the road the profit on these replacements is excellent and makes a very nice turnover for any manufacturer.

* * *

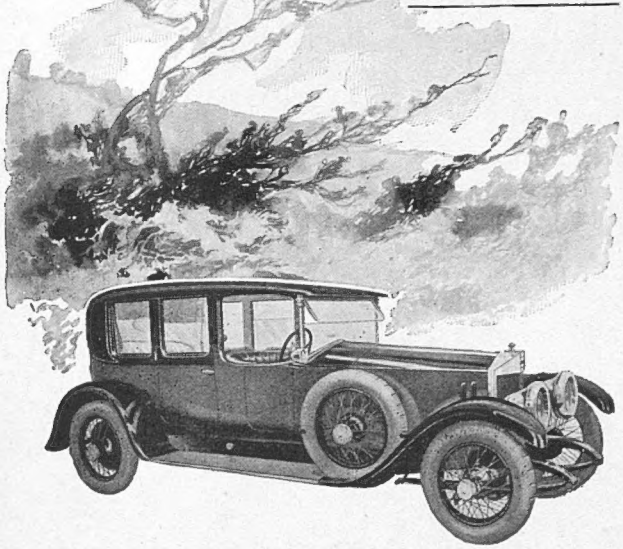
Just before Show time sales of cars always drop, as in this country the automobile business is still a season trade. Many folk don't use cars as much in the winter months, and few buy new ones at that period, as they do not like getting their varnish damaged by the mud of the roads which is bound to be worse at this period of the year. So, of course, the demand is less, but that does not necessarily mean "slump."

* * *

I am hoping that the men in the City who control our finances will see fit to support our motor-making industries, as I do not think they realise the importance of keeping

(*Continued on page 74*)

Winter is coming
Car Comfort and Reliability become paramount
This means for you
a
SIZAIRE-BERWICK
Automobile



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to successfully overcome lighting & starting troubles is to equip your car with
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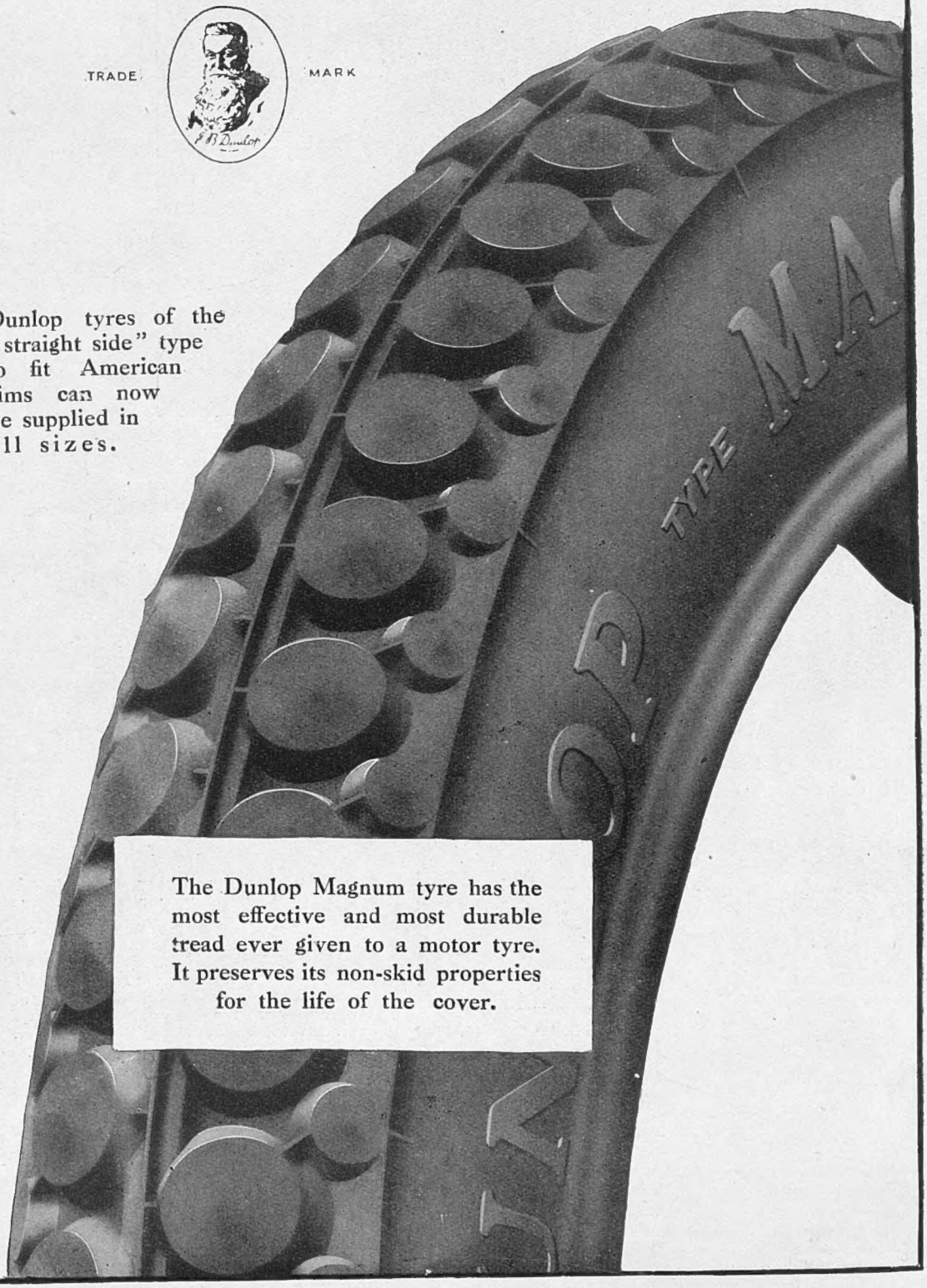
THE NEW MAGNUM TYPE

TRADE MARK

Dunlop tyres of the "straight side" type to fit American rims can now be supplied in all sizes.



The Dunlop Magnum tyre has the most effective and most durable tread ever given to a motor tyre. It preserves its non-skid properties for the life of the cover.

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

their factories producing in the slack sale season in order that when the public want to buy cars in the spring and summer they can obtain immediate deliveries, and so prevent such manufacturing firms losing sales because of the old-fashion methods of never holding any considerable stock of the finished articles. Of course, this entails a larger outlay from the working capital, but I am quite prepared to go as far as to say that there is not a single share in the big motor-making firms like Austin, Harper Bean, Angus-Saunderson, etc., that will not improve in value, provided funds are provided to enable them to carry out this programme of stock making in the dull times, so that the public can get the goods in the brighter months of the year.

* * *

THE chief cause of what pessimism that does exist of the motor industry is because none of the manufacturers could get going quick enough, owing to the circumstances arising out of the War. To-day they have overcome those initial difficulties practically, and though taxation is high, fuel costs more, and labour is getting higher wages, the market for cars is bigger than ever, for the simple reason that people must travel, and road transport is more convenient and cheaper than other methods.

* * *

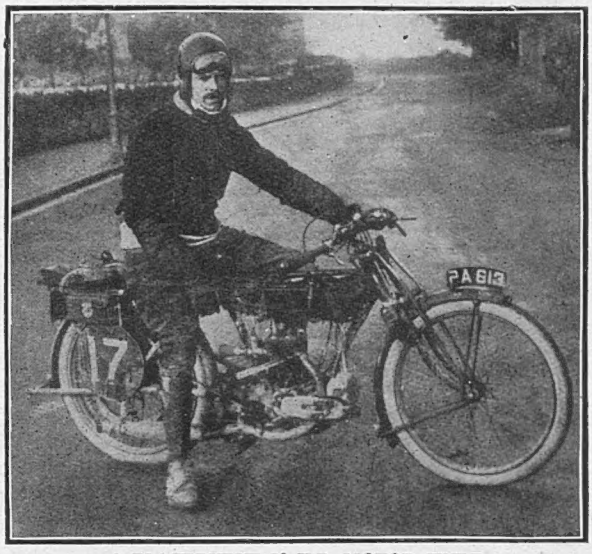
OWING to the police activity in regard to the size of motor cars' index letters and numbers, all motorists are advised to measure those on their cars in order to see if they conform to the provisions of Schedule IV. of the Motor Car Act of 1903. This states that each of the front and back number plates must be rectangular, the ground must be black, the letters and figures must be white, all letters and figures must be three and a half inches high, every part of every letter and figure must be five-eighths of an inch broad and the total width of the space taken by every letter or figure, except in the case of the figure 1, must be two and a half inches.

* * *

THE space between adjoining letters and between adjoining figures must be half an inch, and there must be a margin between the nearest part of any letter or figure and the top and bottom of the plate of at least half an inch, and between the nearest point of any letter or figure and the sides of the plate of at least one inch.

* * *

SO boys and girls you'd better get busy with your two-foot rule, and don't forget besides all those measurements already given, on those plates which have the letters and figures on one line the space between the letters and the figures must be one and a half inches, while if the letters are painted above the figures the space between the upper and lower line must be three-quarters of an inch. OLD HY.



A BLACKBURNE 2¾ H.P. MOTOR CYCLE
Driven by J. S. Holroyd. This cycle broke 31 records and six world's records in a trial at Brooklands during September

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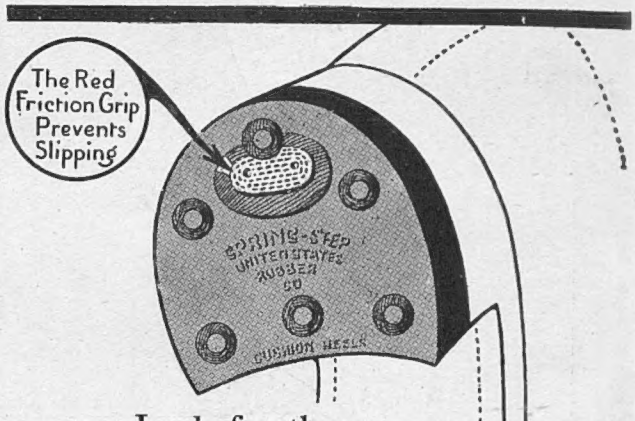

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